CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

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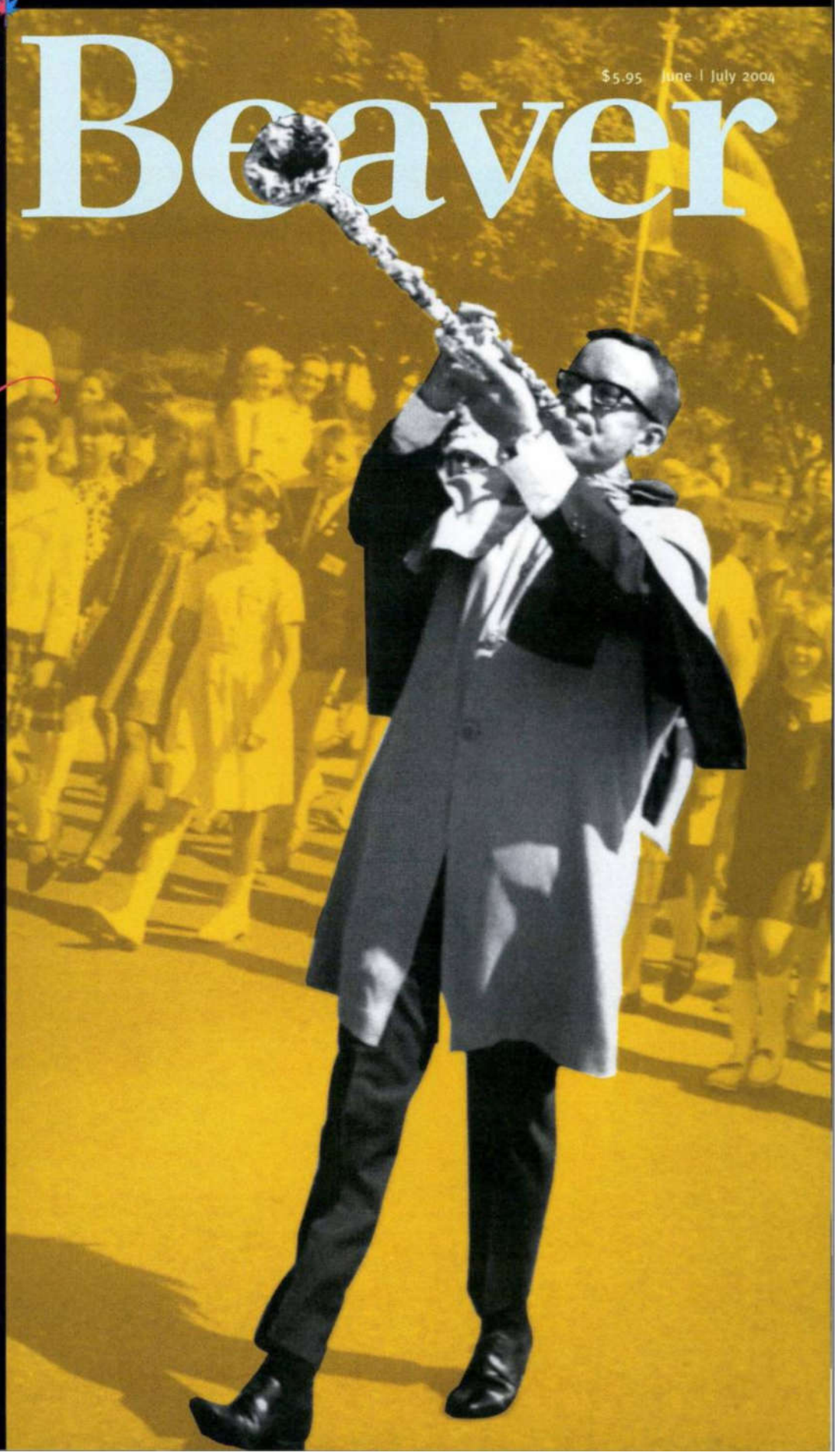
The Beaver

$5.95 June | July 2004

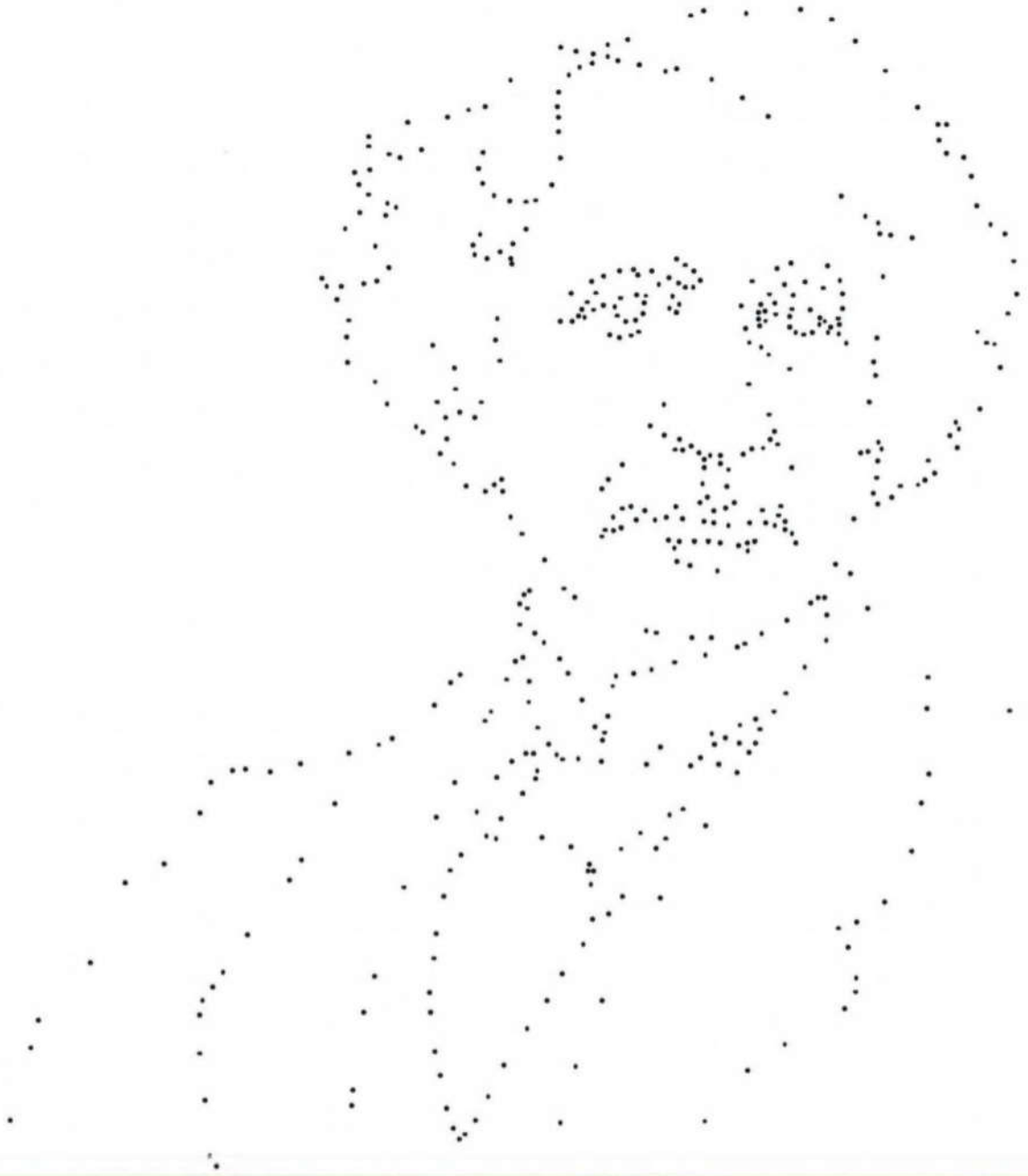


Ca·na·da
The song that sold the Centennial

The Lady & The Bootlegger

Lake Erie's Deadly Quadrangle

Showdown at Fort Rosemar



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The Beaver

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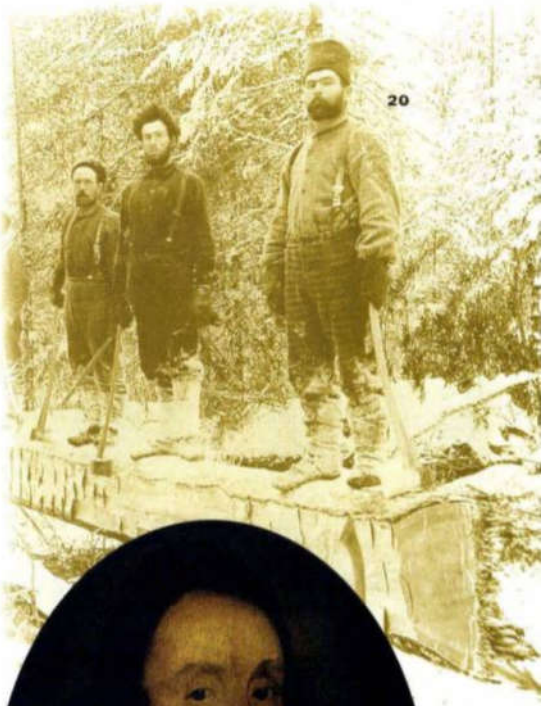

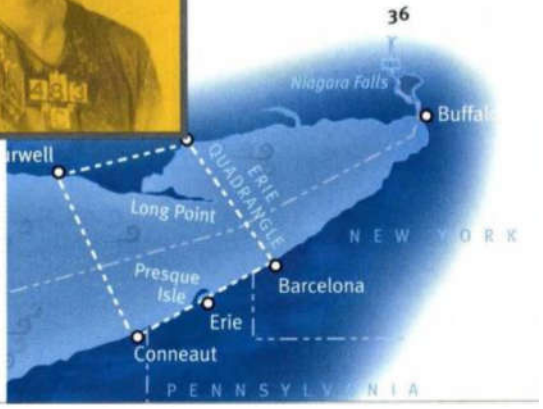

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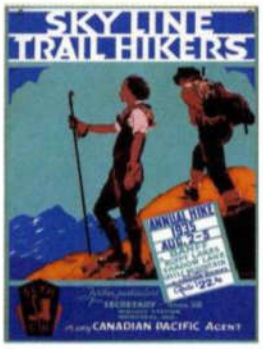

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The Beaver *Canada's History Magazine*
(issn 0005-7517) is published bimonthly by Canada's National History Society at 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3B 0T6 Canada.
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Annual Subscription (6 issues):
Canada, $29.95 (includes GST).
Residents of Manitoba, Newfoundland, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia add $1.96 on a one-year subscription.
Please add $8 a year for U.S. orders and $15 a year for foreign orders.
Single copy price: $5.95.
Subscribe by phone, fax, mail, e-mail, or through our website: www.thebeaver.ca
GST Registration Number:
13868 1408 RT

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Publications Mail Agreement No. 40063001
Registration No. 09708.

Canadian Postmaster:
Return undeliverable Canadian addresses to:
The Beaver Magazine,
#478–167 Lombard Avenue,
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3B 0T6,
email:beaver@historysociety.ca

U.S. Postmaster:
Send address changes to
The Beaver Magazine,
c/o USP Supply Chain Solutions, Box 369,
Pembina, North Dakota 58271

Second class postage paid at Winnipeg.

ccab
Issued November 2003

Printed in Canada on recycled paper

Canada

We acknowledge the financial support of the **Government of Canada** through the *Publications Assistance Program* and the *Canada Magazine Fund* toward our mailing and editorial costs.

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Canada's National History Society
publisher of **The Beaver**
Canada's History Magazine

Founded in 1994 to popularize Canadian history, the work of Canada's National History Society includes **The Beaver** magazine, the **Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History** to honour the country's best history teachers, and the **Pierre Berton Award** to recognize those who have brought history to a wider audience.

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One minute of fame

Paul Butler's account of the influence that Mary Pickford and Mack Sennett had on the early motion picture industry [February/March 2004] reminded me of another Canadian actress whose screen career, however brief, is important to film history. May Irwin, like Mary Pickford, began a stage career because of adversity. The death of her father left the family penniless, and from their home town of Whitby, Ontario, May, her sister, and her mother travelled to the United States, hoping that the sisters' musical talents would provide a living.

Their first engagement, in a Rochester variety hall, was a success that launched long stage careers. The sisters' song-and-dance act, under the names May and Flo Irwin (changed by the theatre manager from Georgia and Ada Campbell), earned them a place in Tony Pastor's famous New York vaudeville theatre, where they stayed for several years. The act broke up to allow May to join a leading light-comedy theatre company.

May Irwin, by 1895 a star of the stage, in that year performed at New York's Bijou Theatre in the farce-comedy *The Widow Jones*. A brief part of the play, in which May kisses the leading man, was filmed in close-up by Thomas Edison's film company. *The Kiss* was one of four movies, each less than a minute in viewing time, that the Edison company produced and showed to entranced audiences. Many ministers considered the film immoral.

Her appearance in *The Kiss* made May Irwin a part of film history, though it was her only movie role. Her stage career as singer, dancer, comedienne, actress, and songwriter continued until her retirement in 1920. She died in 1938, at age 76.

THOMAS RITCHIE
OTTAWA, ONTARIO

Not Canadian enough?

It is somewhat ironic that in the same issue you eulogize Canadian author and illustrator Palmer Cox [February/March 2004], you also heartily endorse the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, a publication that refuses to include Palmer Cox because its editors don't consider him Canadian enough. Born, raised, and educated in Quebec, it is true that Palmer spent half his life either in the U.S. or Europe. Between 1874 and his death in 1924, Palmer published sixteen Brownie books, five of them after he returned to Granby, Quebec, in 1905.

Palmer Cox, Cholly Boutonnière, and the other members of Cox's merry band of Brownies have found an online home at <freemasonry.bcy.ca/Brownies>. Cox was, at one time, master of a Masonic lodge in San Francisco. Although only one Masonic reference can be found in his illustrations – the Brownies' Quilting Bee (1910) – the lessons of Freemasonry, including self-development, friendship, mutual support, and charity, can be found in all his stories.

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Due credit

I enjoyed reading the "The Twentieth Century Plague," by Christopher J. Rutty [April/May 2004]. Rutty points out on page 37 that Medium 199 provided a basis for the production of sufficient, safe polio vaccine but neglected to credit the Canadians who were responsible for developing the cell culture medium – Joseph F. Morgan, Helen J. Morton and R. C. Parker – in Parker's laboratory at Connaught Laboratories. Morgan and Morton later developed other media in which to grow cell cultures.

In 1954, John Enders, Thomas H. Weller, and Frederick C. Robbins of the United States received the Nobel Prize in Physiology and Medicine for studies of polio virus growth, but it was Medium 199 which allowed polio virus to be produced in cell cultures in large enough quantities to make vaccines for clinical trials.

DONALD H. R. BLAIR, PH.D.
SASKATOON, SASKATCHEWAN

***The Beaver* welcomes readers' comments.** E-mail us at <editors@historysociety.ca> or write to *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 0T6 Canada. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

Entertaining Estevan Point I

"At a Crucial Hour: The Attack on Estevan Point" [April/May 2004] is an amusing article but, with all respect to the ingenious speculations of the authors, it lacks a certain amount of rigour.

The shelling of the lighthouse at Point Estevan, on June 20, 1942, was the source of conspiracy theory from the moment that Mr. Lally, the lighthouse keeper, sat down to draw breath after the event. The evidence of Minoru Yokota some years later, as Norm and Carol Hall concede, undermined the theory. That the motive for his "confession" might have been to gain favour with the victors is an interesting idea, but the full text of Yokota's evidence is too authentic to overlook. Besides, there is other more convincing documentation to show that it was the German U-boat campaign in the Gulf of St. Lawrence that really gave the prime minister the ammunition he needed to develop his conscription policy over the next few years. The official operational history of the RCN, *No Higher Purpose* (St. Catharines: Vanwell, 2003) makes this clear.

The pattern of operations by all Japanese submarines operating off the West Coast of North America was similar to that of I-26. Boats would patrol off the coast, carry out occasional attacks on shipping, lie low for a while and, before departing the area, would surface and shell some isolated shore installation. (See C. Boyd and A. Yoshida, *The Japanese Submarine Force and World War II*, Annapolis: United States Naval Institute, 1996). U.S. naval intelligence officers later came to recognize such bombardments as the signal that the patrol was about over, and they used the information to guide the routing of shipping in the region. There was nothing unusual, therefore, in Yokota's patrol. What was odd about it was the incompetence of his gun's crew. Yokota's statement in the article is incomplete, and some of the missing words deserve to be repeated. "Because of the dark" is an excuse that appears somewhat self-serving, but he had to have some explanation for what follows: "Our gun-crew had difficulty in making the shots effective. I remember very vividly my yelling at them 'Raise the gun! Raise the gun!' to shoot at a higher angle. Then the shells went too far over the little community toward a hilly area. Even out at sea we could hear the pigs squealing as shells exploded." What this sounds like more than anything else is an exercise for a gun-crew that had too few opportunities to fire their weapon at a real target.

The significance of the date, shortly preceding the passing of Bill 80, is not supported by solid documentary evidence. By contrast, a month earlier, on May 12, 1942, Mackenzie King was preparing to face his caucus after the disastrous results of the April 27 plebiscite on conscription. That day Karl Thurmann in *U-553* sank SS *Nicoya* and SS *Leto* in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and survivors came ashore on the Gaspé coast. King wrote in his diary that the sinkings were "evidence of guidance," and on May 13 he wrote that he could "imagine nothing more fortunate for the larger outlook. ... Several lives have been lost which would bring home the whole situation to the people as nothing else. We simply cannot believe that this war is [not] likely to reach our shores."

Having taken issue with certain aspects of this article – conspiracy theories may be all the rage but they are anathema to most historians – I hasten to add that provocative discussions about Canada's military past are welcome and entertaining. They do, after all, help to keep us informed about the role that armed forces have played in the making of Canada.

ALEC DOUGLAS
OTTAWA, ONTARIO

Entertaining Estevan Point II

When I read the Halls' "At a Crucial Hour" I had to double check to be sure Canada Post hadn't squashed one of those bizarre supermarket tabloids into my copy of the *Beaver*. Unfortunately, that wasn't the case. To summarize the article: the United States Navy (while regrouping after the Battle of Midway) colluded with the Canadian government to shell Canadian soil so as to push through the bill to allow unrestricted conscription. And that postwar, the former commander of HIJMS I-26 lied about the cruise of his submarine out of loyalty to the American victors. Entertaining, but hardly history. Leaving politics aside, there are several naval aspects where the arguments fall apart.

To begin with, the complete career of I-26 can be found on the highly regarded "Combined Fleet" website: <www.combinedfleet.com/I-26.htm>. There is no doubt she was in the area in June 1942. On June 18, she and her sister I-25 were ordered by Rear-Admiral Yamazaki to bombard targets on the West Coast of North America. On June 21, I-25 fired on Fort Stevens, Oregon, on the assumption that it was the American submarine base at Astoria. Other sources confirm it was the Imperial Japanese Navy who made these pin-prick bombardments: *I-Boat Captain* (Zenji Orita and Joseph D. Harrington), *Japanese Submarine Force and World War II* (Carl Boyd and Akihiko Yoshida), and Bert Webber's *Silent Siege III* (which includes reminiscences of I-26's gun crew).

At this remove, it is difficult to understand what might have caused the white light mentioned in the eyewitness accounts: it is unlikely that I-26 would have bothered launching a dinghy during the bombardment. For the sake of argument, even if there were two vessels present – there weren't – they would have communicated by flashing signal light, ship-to-ship, and not by attempting to pass messages via small boat. This highlights the difficulty with eyewitness accounts: they are notoriously inaccurate, and any police officer can attest that no two remember the same event the same way. Maritime history is chock full of examples of naval officers seeing things that simply weren't there; one must therefore treat with caution the tales told by civilians onshore, at the receiving end of enemy gunfire, particularly when describing what they think they saw thousands of yards offshore, looking into the sunset.

I-26 was armed, as the Hall's state, with a 5.5-inch gun aft, and was fitted with a hanger forward of the conning tower – an immense submarine for the day. However, even a trained naval observer, never mind the people of Estevan Point, would expect a Japanese submarine to mount a gun forward. A quick perusal of the 1941 *Jane's Fighting Ships* has fifteen photographs of Japanese submarines, each showing a forward gun. At the time, almost every submarine afloat carried a gun up front. Additionally, it is notoriously easy to mistake bow from stern when observing ships at a distance, particularly at dawn and dusk, and especially in low-lying craft like submarines.

The Halls agree that 5.5-inch shells were fired. American submarines of that time were armed with 4, 4.7, 5, and even 6-inch guns, but not 5.5-inch: in fact, there was no 5.5-inch gun in the American naval service. Imperial Japanese Navy submarines were

More Letters The *Beaver* website offers a new section for letters to the editor. To see letters that may only be available online, go to <www.thebeaver.ca>, and click on "Extra! Extra!" to get to the "Letterbox" section.

armed with 14 cm (5.51-inch) guns (see John Campbell's *Naval Weapons of World War Two*). A well-trained gun crew could manage one round every twelve seconds or so.

Overall, the Japanese gunnery was credible, considering the time of day and the very basic fire-control arrangements within the Japanese Type B1 submarines: sunset would have been about 21:36 Pacific Daylight Time, and the target lay to the east against a dark, tree-lined shore. From the article, it seems she was "on" for deflection right from the beginning, but quickly lost the range. This compares favourably with numerous accounts of Allied submarines bombarding shore targets, and is most certainly not evidence that the vessels weren't trying to hit anything.

I'm afraid that "At a Crucial Hour" is simply a poor example of conspiracy-theory history with no evidence that can be taken seriously.

WILLIAM SCHLEIHAUF
POINTE DES CASCADES, QUEBEC

Canada's complacency

The two articles "The Bombing of BC," and "Secret Life of the Canadian Passport" (April/May 2004) could not have been published at a better time. The articles serve to reaffirm Canada's vulnerability and complacency in a post-9/11 world. Conspiracy theories aside, during World War II the Canadian government did little, if nothing, to secure Canada's coastlines, despite the successful Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour. Today Canada is an active partner in the war against terror, and once again, despite the successful al-Qaeda attack on North American soil, the Canadian government has failed to adequately secure Canada's coastlines and borders.

In March 2004, the auditor general reported that as many as 25,000 Canadian passports had been reported missing, lost, or stolen. Though such news is nothing new, the fact remains that as many as 25,000 people may be able to enter Canada illegally. Once again, the Canadian government has done little to prevent fraudulent use of Canadian passports.

History has proven that Canada is vulnerable to attack. We live in changing times, and if history repeats itself, the responsibility will lie directly on the shoulders of a complacent Canadian government and an equally complacent Canadian public. The two aforementioned articles should be mandatory reading for anyone who still thinks that Canada is immune.

CRAIG MEYERS
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

Currents

ROUNDUP

Francophonarama

It promises to be Acadiamania all summer long in the Atlantic Provinces where, 400 years ago, the first French colonists arrived for what they hoped would be a new life in the New World. Scurvy killed nearly half of the eighty people who landed on St. Croix Island in 1604, which was a bit discouraging, but nevertheless, the spirited colonists struggled on elsewhere in the Maritimes and built a haven that endured 150 years and a culture that has – despite mass expulsion and approximation to a larger anglophone population – lived on ever after. Today there are nearly 300,000 francophones in the Atlantic Provinces, most of them of Acadian descent. They and thousands more visiting descendants of the Acadians who were deported elsewhere after 1755 are expected to join in a program of celebrations and activities that will take place in every region of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland. Where to begin? Well, we won't. Would you look at the tiny space on this page? Instead, we direct your attention to this useful website <www.acadie400.com>, which has just about everything you could ever want to know about this summer's events.

Meanwhile, celebrating 400 years of Acadie doesn't stop at the New Brunswick border. Opening June 11 at the redoubtable Canadian Museum of Civilization in Gatineau, Quebec, is an exhibit being described as landmark (biggest budget at any rate – $1.3 million), *Once in French America*, which will feature five hundred objects from forty institutions in France, the United States, and Canada that will give a fresh and detailed look at the social, cultural, and economic realities of New France. Worth a peek if you're nation's-capital bound.

Actually, it was Samuel de Champlain (or Sammy D, as we hiphop types here at the *Beaver* refer to him) who got the whole New France ball of wax rolling. (He led the colonization expedition to St. Croix and, of course, founded Quebec in 1608.) As it happens, to mark the 400th anniversary of the French presence in North America, Canada and France (well, their archival institutions)

Once in French America

have got together to put seventeenth- and eighteenth-century documents pertaining to New France on-line along with a virtual exhibit with heaps of period images. If, for instance, you're seeking info related to M. Champlain or other Nouvelle France movers and shakers you need simply log on to <www.archivescanadafrance.org>. Facility in French would be an asset, as they say in job advertisements.

And lest we forget that French Canada doesn't stop at the Ottawa River, St. Boniface Historical Society has established it's own 400th-anniversary-of-the-French-presence-in-Canada website, Au pays de Riel, at <www.shsb.mb.ca/paysriel>, which looks at all things French and historical in Manitoba's Red River Valley and environs. As the website's name indicates, Louis Riel is a central figure, but he's also a way into an examination of nineteenth-century Métis culture and franco-Manitoban culture today. Contains maps, documents, songs. No content warning.

ON RECORD

Canada, in fact, requires only to be known in order to be great.

—J. Castell Hopkins, editor, Introduction, Vol. 1, *Canada: An Encyclopaedia of the Country* (1898)

LIVING HISTORY

Secretly perched at the top of the stairs in her childhood home, Doris Saunders listened intently

to the stories that wafted up from the kitchen, animated tales her father told his houseguests. Saunders says her father, a trapper and fisherman, was a superb storyteller who used detail, humour, and wit to recreate his own adventures, as well as the adventures of those he knew. And she just couldn't get enough of them. "We [Saunders and her siblings] sat upstairs night after night, listening, careful not to sneeze or laugh out loud."

Born in Cartwright, Labrador, in 1941, Saunders moved to Happy Valley–Goose Bay as a teenager in order to finish high school. She took her passion for stories with her, and in 1975 got involved in a project that would allow her the opportunity to listen to them as a full-time job – as the editor of *Them Days*, a magazine solely devoted to recording the accounts of Labrador residents.

EARIN FALK PHOTOGRAPHY

After twenty-nine years, Doris Saunders recently retired as editor of *Them Days*.

The quarterly magazine, still being published today, was born out of a collaboration between the Labrador Heritage Society and the Old Timers League to preserve Labrador history by collecting stories from the people who live there. Saunders dove right into the project, interviewing some of the oldest Labradorians she could find, and snapping photographs and developing them in her basement darkroom.

"I remember the very first interview I conducted for the project: it was with Tommy Davis. He was in his eighties, almost deaf, and had a laugh like no other," Saunders recalls. "He would cross one leg over the other and slap his knee with a heavy hand."

Saunders used a tape recorder to document all of her interviews, and would then write and later type them verbatim, spelling words just as they were pronounced, and leaving in all idioms and idiosyncrasies: "But I tell you what, he done a good job for hisself by marryin' that old woman," said Elizabeth Goudie of Tommy Davis in a 1977 interview published in *Them Days*. "She well looked after him in his old days. By' he wouldn't get anyone bettern' her. That was his fourth wife." By publishing the oral accounts word for word, Saunders believes current readers and future generations can and will have the best sense of the local heritage.

WHEELS

Les bicyclettes de Montréal

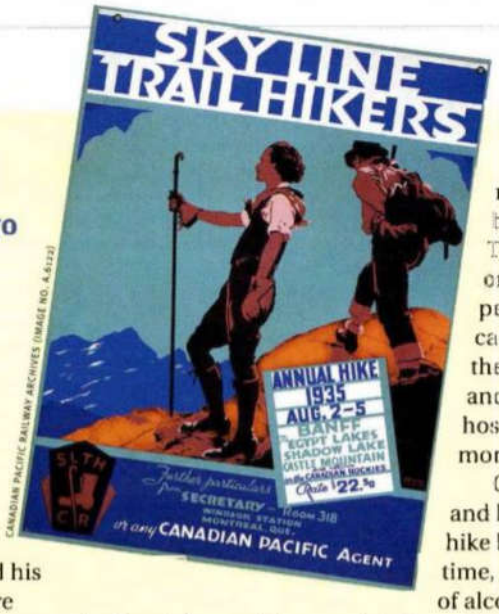
Before the automobile revolutionized life, there was the bicycle – a humble contraption by comparison. But what a difference it made in its heyday, the late nineteenth century when mass production and the safety and comfort of pneumatic tires revolutionized movement. Bicycles eliminated the dependence on the horse and carriage, which was available only to those who could afford one; they transported people more quickly and efficiently; and they released women from fashionable inactivity and restrictive apparel, which signalled the beginning of the twentieth-century women's movement. Liberating and democratic things they were, bicycles. In Canada, the first cycling club was established in 1878 in Montreal. Twenty years ago, the summer cycling festival, the Tour de l'Île de Montréal, began. To mark these occasions, the Château Ramezay Museum in Old Montreal has mounted *The Bicycle in Montreal*, with more than a hundred artifacts including posters, photographs, accessories, and the bikes themselves, which trace the evolution of the device from its early incarnation as a bone-shaking iron model through the velocipede (pedals on the front wheel) to today's svelte and specialized versions. Though the exhibit, on until mid-September, may be titled *The Bicycle in Montreal*, the subject is near-universal. Where do they not have bikes? More information is available at <www.chateauramezay.qc.ca>.

FACTOID

They say two heads are better than one, but is that the case when it comes to running the country? Well just before Confederation, Canadian citizens looking to their leaders were seeing double. George-Étienne Cartier was co-premier with John A. Macdonald from 1858 to 1862. While Macdonald is the most famous Father of Confederation, and received much of the credit for forming the new nation, when he became the first prime minister in 1867, Cartier was his most senior minister.

OLDWAYS

By now, outdoor enthusiasts everywhere are gearing up to go a-hiking. Here are a few tips more than eighty years old for all you backpack-toting, mosquito-slapping, compass-guided trailblazers.



HOW TO WALK. A woodsman walks with a rolling motion, his hips swaying an inch or more to the stepping side, and his pace is correspondingly long. The toes are pointed straight forward or even a trifle inward, so that the inside of the heel, the outside of the ball of the foot, and the smaller toes, all do their share of work and assist in balancing. Walking in this manner, one is not so likely to trip over projecting roots, stones, and other traps, as he would be if the feet formed hoods by pointing outward ...

CARE OF THE FEET. Let me add another reason for wearing heavy but soft woolen socks when you are in the wilderness, regardless of season; they ventilate the shoes. You probably will be wearing rather heavy shoes coated with some waterproofing preparation. The pores of the leather are filled so that no air can get through. But one's feet cannot be kept in good condition if the shoes are not ventilated somehow. Thick socks do it in this way: when your weight is thrown on one foot as in stepping forward, the air that was confined in the meshes of the fabric is forced out through the shoe tops (but not through a high laced boot); then, when the pressure is relieved, fresh air is sucked back to fill the partial vacuum. Thin socks, especially cotton ones, become saturated with perspiration, and little or no air can get into them at all: then the feet have their pores clogged and they become tender. Thin hose also admit sand and dirt more readily than thick ones.

One's feet can be toughened and hardened before starting on a hike by soaking them for some time, the night before, in a solution of alcohol and salt, or in one made by dissolving a tablespoonful of tannic acid in a wash-bowl of cold water. ... A little alum in water may be substituted.

Every morning before starting on a hike, rub some talcum powder over the feet and dust some inside your shoes. One's underwear should also be dusted with it at all places where the garments are likely to chafe. If you have no talcum, then rub the feet with vaseline, melted tallow from a candle, or oil. Soap often is used for the purpose, but some soaps contain too much free alkali, which is bad for the skin; Castile or Ivory soap is not objectionable ...

If they [feet] are strained, swollen, or hot, the best treatment is to rub them with alcohol or whiskey, but hot salted water and massage will do very well. Keep nails cut close and square.

THIRST. In warm weather, one's first few days on the march will bring an inordinate thirst, which is not caused by the stomach's demand for water, but by a fever of the palate. This may be relieved somewhat by chewing a green leaf, or by carrying a smooth, non-absorbent pebble in the mouth; but a much better thirst-quencher is to suck a prune or carry a bit of raw onion in the mouth. One can go a long time without drinking if he has an onion with him; this also helps to prevent his lips from cracking in alkali dust.

Camping and Woodcraft: A Handbook for Vacation Campers and for Travelers in the Wilderness, Horace Kephart, 1921.

COMMEMORATION

D-Day's Diamond Year

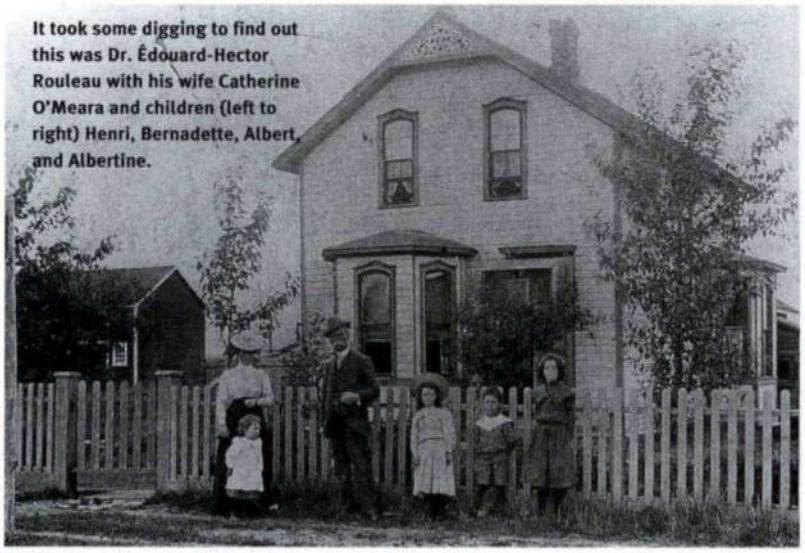
With the soldiers who fought on the beaches of Normandy in D-Day now in their late seventies and eighties, World War II is becoming an episode that is slipping into history. That's why this year's sixtieth anniversary in France is set to be the last major celebration of the June 6, 1944 landings, which turned the tide of war on the Western Front for the Allies.

Of the 130,000 troops that landed on Normandy's beaches and went on to liberate northern France, 14,000 were Canadian. Landing on Juno Beach, Canadians penetrated about nine kilometres inland by the end of the day, and through the rest of June, July, and early August fought a number of battles to seize enemy positions in Normandy. Nearly 6,000 Canadians lost their lives in the campaign.

They – and the British, Americans, and others who fought – will be remembered at a number of special events spread out over eighty days (the time it took to liberate the region) in a schedule that will closely follow the battle's chronology, each town or village marking the anniversary of its own liberation.

Canada's official D-Day commemoration is scheduled for Sunday, June 6 at the Juno Beach Centre, which opened last year at Courseulles-sur-Mer, but the Department of Veterans Affairs has also scheduled a number of other ceremonies and wreath layings both before and after that day at graveyards and memorial gardens at such battle sites as Beny-sur-Mer, Bernières-sur-Mer, and Caen. More information is available through Veterans Affairs Canada <www.vac-acc.gc.ca>, the Canadian Battlefields Foundation <www.canadianbattleofnormandyfoundation.ca>, Juno Beach Centre <www.junobeach.org>, or Normandie Mémoire <www.normandiememoire.com>.

PAPER TRAIL



It took some digging to find out this was Dr. Édouard-Hector Rouleau with his wife Catherine O'Meara and children (left to right) Henri, Bernadette, Albert, and Albertine.

GLENBOW ARCHIVES NA-5222-2

It has been said that the history of our country lies in shoeboxes under the beds of Canadians. One such shoe-

box belonged to Dolores Woolrich, a descendant of Judge Charles-Borromée Rouleau (a pioneer francophone jurist and legislator of the North-West Territories), who pulled out this photograph and lent it to the archives at the Glenbow Museum in 1988 for copying. At the time, Woolrich believed it depicted Judge Rouleau and his family. Further research and analysis, however, led to the conclusion that the family was that of Judge Rouleau's brother, Dr. Édouard-Hector Rouleau (1843–1912), an equally important leader in both the medical and the francophone communities of Calgary's pioneer era. This discovery ultimately led to the rescue of one of the only buildings from the 1880s still standing in Calgary today.

The house seen behind the Rouleau family has had its share of mystery. It had been rented to a series of short-term tenants as long as anyone could remember, and, until recently, little else was known of its history. One heritage inventory said it was built in 1906, but its architectural style suggested it was older. When the photograph surfaced at the Glenbow, and the true identity of the family posing in it was revealed, the house was confirmed to have been built before 1900. From the ages of the children, the photograph would have been taken in 1899 or 1900. More archival research established that the house was probably built in 1885 and was the Rouleau family home from 1887 until about 1902.

Dr. Rouleau and his brother, Judge Charles-Borromée Rouleau, were leaders of a small francophone community on the outskirts of Calgary on land acquired by the Oblate Fathers for their mission, Notre Dame de la Paix. It was their hope that the mission would become a francophone and Catholic settlement, and from 1901 to 1907 it was incorporated as the community of Rouleauville, named in honour of its two most prominent citizens.

The Rouleau brothers were born at L'Isle-Verte on the lower St. Lawrence. Charles-Borromée Rouleau, a lawyer with good Conservative Party connections, was appointed as one of the three justices of the Supreme Court of the North-West Territories. His most notable political achievement was the establishment of the dual Protestant/Catholic school system, which is still constitutionally entrenched in Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Édouard-Hector, after studies at a normal school, a seminary, and a military academy, settled on a medical career and graduated from l'Université Laval in 1870. He served with government forces during the North-West Rebellion of 1885, and treated the wounded at Batoche. In 1887 he settled at Calgary.

Dr. Rouleau was respected for his humanitarianism and his community leadership. He was a founder of the Holy Cross Hospital, a long-time trustee of the Catholic School Board, and founder of the local Société Saint-Jean-Baptiste. He was the honorary consul of Belgium for the North-West Territories and was inducted into an order of knighthood for his services to Belgian immigrants.

In July 2003 Dr. Rouleau's house was threatened with demolition when its owner decided that the land was needed for a parking lot. A coalition of neighbourhood residents, historians, and francophone organizations rallied to save the house. On February 11, 2004, a committee of Calgary city council voted to move the house to nearby city-owned land, thus ensuring its survival. Without the Rouleau family photograph and some good archival detective work, the true value of the house as one of the oldest buildings left in Calgary, as well as one of the last surviving remnants of the city's francophone past, might never have been known.

Our thanks to Jim Bowman, an archivist at the Glenbow Archives in Calgary and chair of the Friends of the Rouleau House / Les amis de la maison Rouleau, who provided the photograph and information.

CENTENNIALS

Ladies and Locks

On June 27, 1904, Toronto *Mail and Empire* reporter Margaret Graham – "Miggsy" as she was known – decided she wanted to cover the world's fair in St. Louis and that she wanted to travel like the male reporters – on a press pass issued by the CPR, which subsidized travel for journalists. Her argument? It was unfair to issue press passes to men and not to women. Colonel George Ham, CPR's publicity manager, probably not immune to the injustice argument in those days of growing women's suffrage but like a good Edwardian gentleman concerned about the proprieties of an unescorted woman travelling with male rabble, countered that if she could find a dozen female colleagues, he

Fourteen of the sixteen Canadian women journalists who travelled to St. Louis in 1904.

would give them all passes. Plucky Miggsy did him four better, and so Colonel Ham not only gave all sixteen women passes, he gave them a private rail car and escorted them personally to St. Louis. Among the journalistas: Cora Hind of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, Kit Coleman of the *Mail and Empire*, and Grace Denison of *Saturday Night* magazine. We suspect these women had entirely too much fun because they decided on the trip to maintain their contacts and thus was born the Canadian Women's Press Club. Kit Coleman was elected first president and Colonel Ham – no less – was named honorary president. (*Such* a gentleman!) As the years passed, branches of the club spread across the country and included the likes of Nellie McClung, Emily Murphy, Lucy Maud Montgomery, Charlotte Whitton, and Jeanne Sauvé. In the 1970s, in the inclusive spirit of the age, the name changed to the Media Club and membership was opened up to males and others, including public-relations types and such. And so, here we are a century later, older, wiser, and less likely to take freebies from the CPR, about to celebrate (June 25 to 27) "One Hundred Years of Daring" in Ottawa, where journalistic luminaries of 2004 will debate the state of Canadian journalism and the founding of the club will be reenacted in early twentieth-century finery, but *sans* early twentieth-century train. More information is available at <www.pressclub.on.ca/mediaclub.html>.

Elsewhere, the Peterborough hydraulic lift lock – an engineering marvel – also turns 100. Located on eastern Ontario's Trent Canal, it's the highest hydraulic lift lock in the world, with the capacity to raise or lower a boat over twenty metres (about the height of a six-storey building). It's also only one of three recognized historical mechanical engineering landmarks in North America, the other two being Hoover Dam and Golden Gate Bridge. To celebrate the anniversary of this engineering achievement, Peterborough is hosting a weekend-long party July 9 to 11, which includes free cruise rides up and over the lift lock. More information is available at <www.liftlock100.com>.

MOMENT

July 27, 1918: A single blast rings out through the towering cedars and hemlock trees at the western end of Vancouver Island's Comox Lake. A red-headed miner named Albert "Ginger" Goodwin lies dead on the forest floor, a fatal gunshot wound to the neck.

Officially Goodwin was a draft dodger and a fugitive from the law, killed when he resisted capture. Workers saw it differently: A firebrand socialist and union organizer – a perpetual thorn in the side of politicians and mining bosses – had been conveniently silenced by an agent of the government.

He was an unlikely labour hero, an enigmatic character who loved dancing and football, physically unassuming, a slight, bandy-legged man with a row of spiky rotten teeth who was hobbled by lung disease.

Born May 10, 1887, in Yorkshire, the son of a miner, he was digging coal by age fifteen. In 1906 he fled the suffocating class discrimination of England for Canada, arriving in Glace Bay, Cape Breton, where he quickly found work. Three years later he received his baptism on the picket lines when the United Mine Workers of America (UMWA) organized its first Canadian strike. Afterwards, penniless and blacklisted, he moved to Cumberland, British Columbia, and the Vancouver Island mines of Canadian Collieries Limited. Within this ethnically diverse town, Goodwin's union socialism and pacifist ideals started to take shape. After working the Number Five Pit all day, Goodwin disappeared into the woods and polished speeches peppered with fiercely Marxist rhetoric. He signed up members for the newly formed UMWA local and held forth with an increasingly receptive audience of miners fed up with appalling working conditions and wages. Tension between Cumberland miners and Canadian Collieries culminated in the Big Strike of 1912, when workers walked off the job.

The strike was a crushing disappointment, brutally suppressed by armed militiamen on horseback, but it galvanized Goodwin. Blacklisted yet again, he quit Cumberland and made brief stops at mines in the B.C. Interior before settling in Trail, where he further honed his leadership and oratorical skills. He was unsuccessful as a Socialist Party of Canada candidate in the 1916 election, but in1917, as the secretary of the Trail Mill and Smeltermen's Union, he led a strike for an eight-hour workday at the Trail smelter. It seemed Goodwin's career as a labour leader was on the rise, but war intervened.

CLIFFORD WILSON

After reporting to a Trail medical board when conscription became law in 1917, he was – to nobody's surprise – deemed unfit for service due to poor health. He applied for an official exemption, but his request was denied. For Goodwin there was little difference between government sending young men to the killing fields of Europe and companies condemning workers to dangerous mines. He opposed both. So he

returned to Cumberland in May and soon after went into hiding.

When he was gunned down at the age of thirty-one, workers mourned the loss of a man who symbolized a potent socialist ideology hostile to the current political paradigm. On August 2, the day of Goodwin's funeral, Cumberland coal miners caused the first work stoppage since the Big Strike six years earlier. The same day in Vancouver at noon conductors, motormen, garment workers, electrical workers, longshoremen, and shipyard workers walked off the job. Goodwin's memory had sparked what is considered Canada's first general strike.

—Andrew Findlay

CANADIANS MAKING HISTORY

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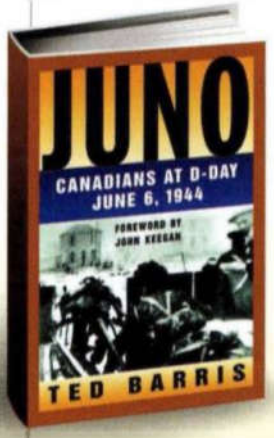

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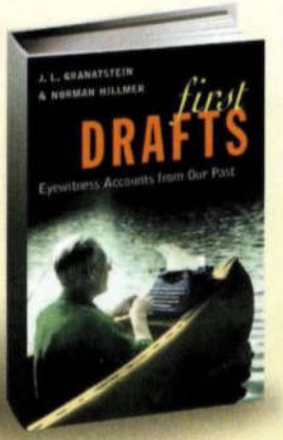

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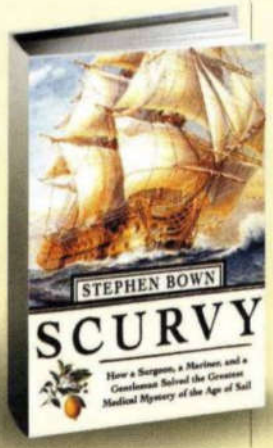

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Books of Merit
Available wherever books are sold.

Take the day off

June 7: To note the dismissal 100 years ago of Douglas Mackinnon Baillie Hamilton, Earl of Dundonald, commander-in-chief of military forces in Canada, for criticizing the minister of militia, thus ending the practice of having Imperial officers command the forces in Canada. Say: Jolly good show, wot?

June 26: To commemorate the day in 1754 that Anthony Henday set out from York Factory to begin what would be the longest trek into western Canada then undertaken by a European. Get your hiking boots on, grab your journal, and have interesting encounters with First Nations representatives.

July 17: To observe the first temperance gathering in Quebec in 1648. Dites: "Je m'appelle _____ et je suis une alcoolique."

July 31: To mark Richard Cowan, Charles Grimely, and Charles Page's flight in 1879 over Montreal in a hydrogen balloon, the first in Canada. Quit smoking.

ARTIFACT

Built by Canadian Vickers Ltd. in Montreal, the Vickers Vedette was the first commercially produced aircraft designed and built

in Canada. The "flying boat," with its ability to rise quickly off the water, entered service in 1925, and by the time production ceased in 1930 sixty were completed.

The Vedette was used across Canada for forest inventory, fire patrols, and aerial photography. Many of the first aerial maps of Canada's north were produced from photographs taken from Vedettes.

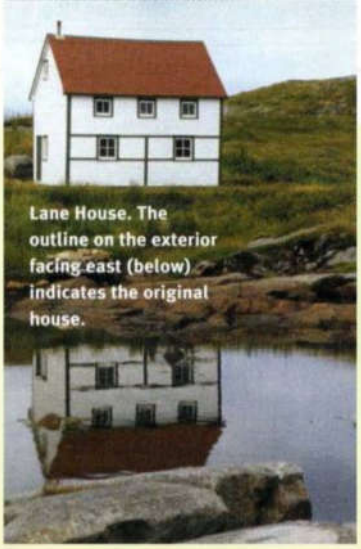
All of the original Vedettes were destroyed or converted into boats. The Vickers Vedette Mark V CF-MAG

The Lane House in the isolated outport of Tilting, Newfoundland is the oldest

ALL PHOTOS COURTESY ROBERT MELLIN

house in this Irish-influenced fishing village on the northeast edge of Fogo, the largest of Newfoundland's offshore islands. Constructed between1780 and 1825 by the cooper Augustine MacNamara, from outside it looks like a typical two-storey outport home. However, it was originally built as a small "hall and parlour" (kitchen and living room) plan dwelling with a partial second floor or loft. The Dwyer family took possession of the house in 1856, and in the late nineteenth century a full second floor with a center-hall plan was added by Aeneas Dwyer. Today, Lane House is used as Tilting's local museum.

The front elevation shows Dwyer's skill in handling the exterior based on the combination of these two floor plan types. The remains of the rafters of the original house are visible in the gable-end walls of the present attic. The outline of the exterior of the original house is visible on the end of the house facing east. The interior features a unique semicircular staircase, and this would have been easy for a cooper (a barrel maker) to make since it did not involve compound curvatures. The staircase volume adds visual interest to the walls of the pantry and the living room.



Lane House. The outline on the exterior facing east (below) indicates the original house.

Tilting's houses and outbuildings were designed and constructed for mobility, and most of the older houses in the community were moved or "launched" from one part of the harbour to another, or from one community to another. When a house was sold in Tilting, typically the land was not included in the sale so the purchaser had to move the house. People were used to launching heavy boats like schooners and bully boats, and some residents were renowned for their house-launching expertise. Houses were small and compact (Lane House, for example, is twenty-eight square metres per floor) so they were easy to move. They were constructed as "single-cell" structures with nonstructural interior partitions. Foundations consisted of many wooden posts or shores that made only tentative connections with the uneven, rocky terrain.

—Robert Mellin, associate professor at McGill University's School of Architecture and author of *Tilting: House Launching, Slide Hauling, Potato Trenching, and Other Tales from a Newfoundland Fishing Village*, published by Princeton Architectural Press.

BEVERLEY TAYLOR, WCAM

on display at the Western Canada Aviation Museum is an authentic replica of this single-engine biplane. Airworthy, it is the only Vickers Vedette in existence today.

Originally built in 1929, CF-MAG remained in storage until the Government of Manitoba purchased it in 1934 for one dollar. Together with five ex-RCAF Vedettes, it was used for forest-fire patrol and could, it is rumoured, carry as many as eight people – three in the front, two beside the pilot, and two lying in the tail with the gear. When the aircraft was empty, ballast had to be used to balance the centre of gravity. This was done by the simple addition of two pails of rocks in the nose.

The Vickers Vedette was considered a good aircraft but far from perfect. The hull soaked up water at a tremendous rate, which reduced its performance considerably. Periodically it had to be dried out.

CF-MAG's final flight took place in 1937. Its engine failed while on a flight to Cormorant Lake, Manitoba; the pilot landed in a swamp and walked to an area where he could be rescued. After an unsuccessful attempt to fly the craft out a week later, all usable parts were salvaged and the Vedette was set on fire.

Another fire – at the Vickers plant in Montreal – destroyed most of the specifications and drawings of the Vedette. But in the early 1970s, divers found the wreck of the CF-MAG in the swamp broken into two pieces. These, along with other remnants, helped guide the drawing of new plans. The Vickers Vedette Mark V CF-MAG was built over a twenty-two-year period by over a hundred volunteers who contributed over 100,000 recorded hours to the example on exhibit today.

More information is available from the Western Canada Aviation Museum at <www.wcam.mb.ca>.

DOMICILES

Be it ever so humble

In 1981 Joy Kogawa wrote *Obasan*, a novel based on her experience of being interned with her family and thousands of other Japanese Canadians during World War II. In 2003, she returned from her home in Toronto to 1450 West 64th Street in Vancouver, the house the federal government confiscated in 1942 when she was seven years old and which was the model for one of the settings in *Obasan*. Miraculously, for it was a Vancouver neighbourhood being razed to build monster homes, the modest 1920s bungalow was intact. And it was for sale. But at Vancouver prices – about half a million dollars – it was too rich for Kogawa's blood. Too rich even for the group of supporters that quickly rallied around to purchase the house to make it a cultural and literary centre. Though someone unaware of the home's significance bought it instead, the Joy Kogawa Homestead Foundation is continuing with its fundraising goals in expectation that the present owner will eventually sell, though raising $500,000 may be a long-haul task. Federal and provincial governments don't provide heritage grants to residential projects (though some hope rests on the new federal Commercial Heritage Properties Incentive Fund intended to encourage Canadian corporations to preserve heritage buildings) while recent City of Vancouver initiatives apply only to the facades of heritage buildings in selected neighbourhoods. Those interested in the history of the Japanese internment, the history of Vancouver, and the nodes of Canada's literary imagination, however, remain undaunted. More information is available at the foundation website <www. kogawa.homestead.com>.

Nonetheless, on the other side of the country, a residence valued for its link to women's history has been designated a National Historic Site. The Erland Lee home in Stoney Creek, near Hamilton, Ontario, a nineteenth-century farmhouse, was the birthplace in 1897 of the Women's Institute, a support group for rural women that spread across the country and eventually became a worldwide organization, particularly popular in Britain. (The recent film *Calendar Girls* portrayed English WI women doing a naughty charity calendar.) The home features the original dining room table on which Janet Lee drafted the constitution of the Women's Institute of Stoney Creek. NHS plaque pending.

Explorations

Desmond Morton on

What Makes a Good Scandal

As accusations and allegations swirled around Ottawa last winter, Canadian taxpayers looked at their wallets and wondered how many of the tax dollars that could have been spent on fixing health care or even potholes had vanished into private pockets in what was rapidly dubbed the "sponsorship scandal."

Veteran historians (or those of us who answer media questions) braced ourselves and checked our references for the inevitable question: "Was this the worst scandal in Canadian history?" Since I wasn't currently campaigning for election, I had to give the only honest answer I could manage: "I don't know yet." Frankly, I doubted it, but how do you measure scandals? And by the time the various investigations are complete, and I may be able to give posterity's answer, I can guarantee that the media won't be very interested.

Certainly I won't have answers very soon. Prime Minister Paul Martin thought the Public Accounts Committee could come up with a good enough answer to let him call an election. Experience suggests that the only thing such a committee guarantees to produce is measured in decibels. As for the official enquiry by Mr. Justice John Gommery, it won't even get started until the autumn.

Once Gommery gets going, who knows what he will find? Certainly this doesn't currently look like most political scandals, with someone getting improper sex or money in return for votes or a job. Instead, the government was spending our money to gain the profile Canada conspicuously lacked in a sovereignist-controlled Quebec, in a desperate and apparently successful attempt to roll back the growth of Yes support revealed in the 1995 Sovereignty referendum. If Ottawa was defrauded of its money, not only were all Canadian taxpayers robbed, but the resulting revelations of federal ineptitude are golden for Quebec separatists. Surging support for the Bloc Québecois after February 2004 not only threatened Martin's Liberal majority but could even relegate him to joining Kim Campbell, John Turner, Mackenzie Bowell, and other prime ministers known only to avid players of Trivial Pursuit.

Canada's political history is pockmarked with scandals. In 1872, Sir John A. Macdonald, desperate for what he called the "needful" for his election campaign, extracted $10,000 from a syndicate that won the first contract to build a railway to the Pacific. Liberals proved it by receiving documents stolen from the office of Sir John A.'s solicitor, future prime minister J.J.C. Abbott. In 1891, J. Israel Tarte's revelations of how the Public Works Department financed the Quebec Conservatives sent party treasurer Thomas McGreevy to jail. Counterrevelations almost sent Que-

Opinions expressed in Explorations are the author's own, and do not necessarily reflect those of the *Beaver*.

bec's nationalist premier, Honoré Mercier, to join him. Various purchasing scandals during the First World War sadly underlined the links between scoundrels and their last refuge, patriotism. During the 1920s, the profits of bootlegging into Prohibition-era America corrupted much of Canada's customs service. Mackenzie King sent the responsible minister to the Senate, sacrificed his successor to Opposition indignation, and survived until 1930. Evidence of a Caribbean holiday financed by the capitalists who won the right to dam the Beauharnois Falls almost cost the priggish King his career.

In the 1950s, allegations that someone put horses on the Defence Department's payroll at Petawawa troubled the St. Laurent government, and Lester Pearson's minority Liberal government wallowed in a succession of real and alleged scandals. Long before anyone pledged to legalize "whistleblowing," vengeful bureaucrats were using photocopiers and plain brown envelopes to embarrass their superiors. In its first term, the Mulroney government suffered nonstop scandals, perhaps because angry civil servants sent brown envelopes or because Mulroney encouraged hungry Tories to make up for a generation in the wilderness. Conrad Black's *National Post* did its best to repay the Jean Chrétien regime in the same coin. Chrétien's blunt use of his substantial prime-ministerial powers gave colour to a lot of damning allegations.

What makes a good scandal? Voters have to understand it. Greed is no mystery to most folks. Neither is sex. The late Pierre Sévigny denied any relations with Gerda Munsinger; once the *Toronto Star* found her alive and printed her picture, only Sévigny's family and close friends believed his professions of innocence.

Some dreadful scandals don't seem to qualify. In 1941 Ottawa shipped two thousand poorly trained soldiers from Winnipeg and Quebec to Hong Kong on the vaguest possible notion that they might deter Japan from war. Their equipment sailed on a separate ship and it wasn't available when the troops faced their tragic ordeal a few weeks later. Mackenzie King appointed a Royal Commission headed by the chief justice of the Supreme Court. Sir Lyman Duff blamed a few minor officials and whitewashed the government. What did you expect? There was a war on.

There was no war on in 1907 when the M.P. for Sherbrooke, Colonel A.N. Worthington, rose in the House of Commons to deliver chapter, book, and verse on the defects of the dreadful Ross rifle, adopted by Canada in 1901 and manufactured in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Quebec riding. The moment Worthington sat down, the rebuttal came from his own party. Tory defence critic Colonel Sam Hughes leaped to his feet, turned around, and denounced Worthington as a traitor, liar, and general poltroon. Shrewdly, the Liberals had appointed Hughes to the 1900 committee to choose a rifle. The trials had revealed most of the weapon's faults but Hughes had loved it. Even evidence of Sir Charles Ross pouring oil on the rival British Lee Enfield rifle to make it jam when it got dirty made no difference. Hughes liked his spirit! Hadn't the British denied Hughes a Victoria Cross and sent him home from the South African War? This was vengeance! Thanks to Hughes, the Laurier government could relax, Liberal backbenchers could howl, and the press gallery could revel in Worthington's humiliation. Eight years later, in 1915, Canadian soldiers died when their rifles jammed during the German assault on Ypres. As Minister of Militia, Hughes crushed any colonel or general who dared to criticize his favourite rifle until the summer of 1916. Despite a claim in a recent *Maclean's*, there should have been an enormous Ross Rifle scandal, but there never was.

Gerda Munsinger on television in 1966, following revelations of her affair with Pierre Sévigny, associate minister of defence in the Diefenbaker government.

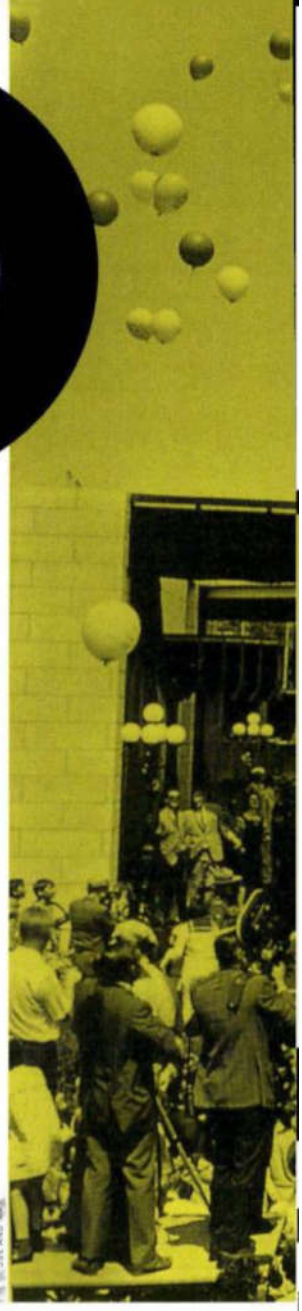
Anyone flipping through government records can easily stumble on evidence of human failings, misjudgments, and favouritism. One of the fears historians share is that "open government" and easy access to public records will encourage politicians and officials to strip files and delete electronic files to purify their place in history. A vast amount of knowledge has vanished since bureaucrats stopped writing notes and picked up the telephone. "Skin your own skunks, Charlie," Sir John A. minuted young Charles Hibbert Tupper after the young Nova Scotian asked for an inappropriate favour. Without the prime minister's scribble, how would we know? 🖼

Desmond Morton is Hiram Mills Professor of History at McGill University and a former member of the board of Canada's National History Society.

CA-NA-DA: The Song That Sold the Centennial

by Kurt Peacock

In 1967, it was the tune you couldn't get out of your head. Chances are, you still can't.



THE GLOBE AND MAIL

CA-NA-DA
One little, two little, three Canadians
WE LOVE THEE
Now we are twenty million
CA-NA-DA
Four little, five little, six little provinces
PROUD AND FREE
Now we are ten and the territories sea to sea

Canadians have often been told they're simply not patriotic enough. This national myth, often mentioned with an obligatory comparison to the patriotic robustness of our American neighbours, has in some cases been stamped by officialdom: "Showing our feelings doesn't come easy to Canadians," lamented the official newsletter of the federal government's Canada 125 program committee, formed to help Canada celebrate the 125th anniversary of Confederation in 1992. "You don't see us waving flags or letting our pride show."

This observation became somewhat of a self-fulfilling prophecy in 1992 – for most Canadians the year-long celebration was a bust, overshadowed by both referendum and recession. But that does not mean that this national myth is grounded in truth. Canadians *have* enthusiastically waved the flag before, occasionally with great gusto – the national hockey wins of 1972 and 2002 providing two of the most fitting examples.

There are many others. Small towns across the country regularly hold Canada Day parades, and in some communities, Dominion Day festivities are still fashionable. And hidden in the attics of many older Canadian homes, mixed between dusty record collections, is a stirringly patriotic record single that was once the bestselling song in the land. The tune was released thirty-seven years ago by a pied piper named Bobby Gimby.

Gimby is mentioned here because perhaps the most famous nonhockey moment of national celebration was Canada's year-long hundredth birthday party – the 1967 centennial – whose success the Canada 125 committee failed to reproduce. A kaleidoscope of memories for those who lived

Canada Day 1967 (above, right), Parliament Hill, Ottawa. Bobby Gimby, caped, strides left of the giant birthday cake.

it, 1967 gave the Toronto Maple Leafs their last Stanley Cup, Montreal its world class Expo, and Nanaimo its bathtub race (no wonder Pierre Berton called 1967 the last good year). Even Charles De Gaulle could only momentarily rain on the national parade.*

The scope of the celebration was large – the federal government's planning for the event started under the Diefenbaker administration. Among the successes, both temporary and lasting, associated with the centennial were initiatives as diverse as the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, the Confederation Train, the Pan-American Games in Winnipeg, the National Arts Centre, a student exchange involving roughly 48,000 students, and literally hundreds of memorial buildings, ranging from hockey rinks to art galleries. But for most Canadians, the fondest memory of the centennial was a musical one – an eerily catchy tune written by band leader Bobby Gimby. The song, aptly titled "CANADA – A Centennial Song," is one of the most remarkable cultural artifacts from one of the most remarkable years in Canada's history.

Examined today, CA-NA-DA (most Canadians would remember Gimby's tune by this phonetical name, repeated again and again in its chorus) seems to be a song whose mass appeal was highly irregular. It is a stark contrast to the urban grooves dominating most contemporary playlists, and it even seems quaint when compared to the numerous pop anthems of the late 1960s that still make it on to the radio.

*On July 24, 1967, French president Charles de Gaulle, one of many world leaders invited to Expo 67, caused a political uproar when he exclaimed, "Vive le Québec libre" to an ecstatic crowd in front of Montreal City Hall. Outraged by the comment, Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson issued an official rebuke saying, "Canadians do not need to be liberated." De Gaulle cut short his trip and returned to France.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / 3717[illegible]

With his cape and jewelled trumpet, leading well-rehearsed children Pied Piper fashion, Bobby Gimby became the personification of the centennial. Born in 1919 in Cabri, Saskatchewan, and a horn player in various big bands in the 1930s and 1940s, Gimby gained public attention during the war years as a troupe member of CBC Radio's *Happy Gang*, which ran until 1957. In 1958, he became a regular on CBC TV's *Juliette*. Besides his anthem for Canada's centennial, he also wrote tunes for Manitoba's and British Columbia's provincial centennials, and is credited with having written in the early 1960s "Malaysia Forever," which became that country's national anthem. He died in North Bay, Ontario, in 1998.

Even contemporary critics noted that its gentle (and marginally bilingual) lyrics and nursery-rhyme melody made a critical appreciation of the tune an arduous task. "On paper the song looks about as meaningful as 'Three Blind Mice,'" noted a *Maclean's* journalist in 1967, "and with its double melody, a lot harder to sing." Yet in performance, the song – carefully choreographed time and time again in elaborate productions involving dozens of children – took on a life of its own, and by July 1967 a recording of the tune sold a phenomenal 250,000 copies. This impressive total was matched in scope by the 75,000 copies of CA-NA-DA sheet music purchased that year. During the CBC broadcast of Canada Day ceremonies on Parliament Hill, announcer Lloyd Robertson stated "we can safely say [CA-NA-DA] is the number one hit in the country right now."

How did Gimby's song become so popular? It helped that he had the keen support of his initial audience – the federal government, which was paying for much of the birthday party. While the cheery performances of the tune – often starting with a pied-piper parade, led by the colourful Bobby Gimby decked out with a flowing cape and jewel-encrusted trumpet – infused a carnival spirit into the centennial celebration, there was something *official* about Gimby's anthem. Its merry message of unity, optimism, and confidence, presented in a bilingual form, was exactly the sort of message that Ottawa wanted Canadians to embrace. Indeed, as Secretary of State Judy LaMarsh would later reflect in her memoirs, "a main purpose of celebrating the Centennial year was to deepen the sense of unity among the Canadian people." The prime minister was even more ambitious in his dreams for the centennial. Lighting the centennial flame on New Year's Eve 1966, Lester Pearson remarked: "Tonight we let the world know that this is Canada's year."

The gap between the politicians' rhetoric and Canadian reality in 1967 was a problem that Gimby's song was designed to help fix. While the year began with troubling questions over the French-English divide (obvious even before DeGaulle's famous intervention) and American involvement in national affairs (an issue that became more pronounced as the Vietnam war worsened), Bobby Gimby's tune presented a fresh optimism as the most suitable remedy against the nation's woes. CA-NA-DA did not accurately represent a nation mired in minority governments, confined by an alleged colonial economic structure, and tired by deep

There was something *official* about Gimby's anthem.

linguistic divisions. Instead, it presented a wonderful, if imagined, alternative – a nation bilingual in spirit (if not yet in fact), youthful in nature, culturally vibrant, and confidently united at the start of another one hundred years. The Centennial Commission, recognizing the song's conveniently optimistic perspective on Canadian reality, purchased the copyright in late 1966. For the next twelve months, Gimby's jingle would be used to sell Canadians an idealized version of their own country.

Bobby Gimby's selling of CA-NA-DA began in earnest when he attached himself to one of the twentieth century's most powerful influences – the modern advertising agency. As Gimby himself remembered it, the seeds of the CA-NA-DA phenomenon were planted in a series of meeting he had with Vickers and Benson, the agency charged with the task of selling the federal government's centennial plans. His reason for participating in the meetings appears to be almost entirely patriotic, and not based on a desire for fame or fortune. He was already reasonably well known to English Canadians as a performer with the CBC's *Happy Gang* and *Juliette*. As the centennial year approached, he was an artist who at age forty-six was already at the tail end of a successful recording career; he had spent a good deal of the 1960s away from the Canadian music business, on extended vacations with his family.

Vickers and Benson initially approached him with a much less ambitious project – they wanted a musical jingle to popularize the centennial promotional film *Preview '67*. A December 1966 memorandum to the management committee of the Centennial Commission confirmed this chronology, and explained that in producing *Preview '67*, Vickers and Benson "felt it might best be introduced by some catchy tune and, accordingly, commissioned Robert Gimby of Toronto to write the words and music for a children's marching song that could be used in French or in English or in a bilingual version." According to the industry magazine *RPM*, the principal recording session included thirty "of Canada's best musicians," "six English-Canadian children," "six French-Canadian youngsters," and "eleven government observers."

CA-NA-DA, initially only a small segment of the film *Preview '67*, became much more popular than the film itself. A good deal of its popularity came from the song's musical *feeling*. Enthusiastic students from Toronto and Montreal formed the original chorus. The song's youthful enthusiasm was infectious, and for an obvious reason. Al Scott, the vice president of Vickers and Benson, noted that "even the wise guys in the communications dodge can't knock kids."

The song's youthful singers were perfectly complemented by the stunning visuals used in *Preview '67* – in effect, an early music video. As *Canadian Composer* noted, "the song has already received considerable exposure in a television commercial featuring a group of youngsters roaming over hill and dale, carrying flags, and singing CA-NA-DA with the sweet innocence of youth." The visual allure of patriotic children running and singing through the Canadian countryside was no accident; in 1966, close to one-half of the Canadian population was under the age of twenty-one. In making children the primary actors in Gimby's theatrical performance, the centennial planners were suggesting to the thousands of parents watching and listening to the production that their country, like their own children, was young and fresh and vibrant.

By the middle of 1966, a number of officials at the Centennial Commission sensed that they had a hit on their hands; the song had received nearly universal acclaim whenever it was played in selected venues promoting the upcoming celebrations. They did not, however, actively pursue the idea of an *official* centennial anthem, for at least two reasons: they had already rejected hundreds of other songs sent to the commission before Gimby wrote his tune, and they were cognizant of the fact that any song may not "be a 'hit,' but might simply be a sterile property of the Commission." A profound flop would do little to popularize the centennial. By late summer, Vickers and Benson commissioned a report by Toronto pollster Martin Goldfarb to help the centennial planners figure out what vehicles (including, presumably, the Gimby tune) were needed to sell the centennial to Canadians. After speaking with English-language focus groups in Toronto, Goldfarb matter-of-factly suggested that "young people want a Centennial song that they can sing and dance to. They do not want a song for older people. They want a song that they could enjoy daily." Presumably, this market research, when placed alongside the informed opinion of those involved with recording the song, had the desired effect. In the December 9, 1966 meeting of the Centennial Commission management committee, Chairman John Fisher insisted "on the urgency of publishing the song ... to have the song on the market by Christmas time." CA-NA-DA was by then the property of the government of Canada, and the Centennial Commission was in the music business.

In the following months, the song's spectacular rise was fuelled by the federal government's willingness to embrace it as the dominant promotional vehicle for its official celebrations. Peter Aykroyd, a civil servant who attended some of the early meetings at Vickers and Benson, later reflected on the government's willingness to use the song as centennial propaganda. "Promotional ideas tumbled out," Aykroyd wrote some years later, "Gimby would lead groups of children all over Canada in a kind of Pied Piper parade. The kids all singing. The song would be used as a signature at Centennial events. A TV promo would be made of Gimby and the kids. A record would be cut. Different musical groups would be asked to do a unique version." Judy LaMarsh, the federal cabinet minister responsible for the

Canadians embraced the song in large part because of the infectious, if manufactured, good feeling that arose whenever they saw the neighbourhood children perform CA-NA-DA.

centennial, later recalled that "there had been no original intention of selecting a popular Centennial song, but when 'Ca-na-da' was put forward it proved to be so bright and sparkly that it was quickly accepted."

Indeed it was. Many of the promotional ideas discussed by Vickers and Benson were put into place, and Bobby Gimby was soon an instrumental force in popularizing the centennial. The centennial television commercial that was used to first popularize the song aired continuously for twenty-six weeks. The Centennial Commission initially arranged for Gimby to hold his Pied Piper parade whenever the Confederation train (a travelling exhibit showcasing Canada's history and achievements) crossed provincial boundaries, but quickly added more dates. Gimby's tune was played continuously in the last coach of the popular train for the entire journey. On Canada Day, Gimby led a parade of school children from the newly constructed centennial flame to the nine-metre birthday cake on the main stage just under the Peace Tower on Parliament Hill – his presence in the ceremony was as warmly received as that of the Queen's.

The *blitzkrieg* worked, both on critics and the masses. The editor of *Chatelaine*, in a paragraph listing reasons to celebrate the centennial, noted "we even have a bouncy new Centennial song that sounds like a bugle call and not a dirge." The sheet music for the tune was hastily published; a press run of ten thousand copies sold out in five days. A Quality Records recording was just as popular, with Gimby selflessly donating his profits to "the crippled children of Canada." Faced with such an onslaught of publicity, earnest competitors to Gimby's tune – like "Hey Friend, Say Friend" (the official Expo song) and the Canadian Council of Churches' Centennial Hymn – did not have a chance.

As Gimby himself admitted, the most commonly cited reason for the song's success was its use of children in the chorus, and the carnivallike atmosphere that developed during the song's live performance. While the carnival feeling was genuine, it was also the result of deliberate and often-repeated choreography. "He [Gimby] went from province to province, especially the smaller municipalities," recalled Judy LaMarsh in her memoirs. "Sometimes Gimby had only one session with the local school children recruited for the ceremony before he donned his green cloak and took up his long, jewel-studded horn to lead them like a modern Pied Piper in the bilingual phrases of his song." The "Gimby system" was in fact quite thorough: local teachers were responsible for choosing the children who would perform with him, and Gimby would often ask for a rehearsal group of some sixty children, all between the ages of seven and eleven. His

Canada's 100th birthday sparked a creative outpouring of celebratory projects across the country, ranging from the sublime (books, plays, musicals, operas, ballets; dozens of theatres and art galleries; Expo 67) to the memorably ridiculous, such as bathtub races, a landing pad for flying saucers, and, in the instance below, the burning of outhouses in Bowsman, Manitoba.

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA / WINNIPEG TRIBUNE PHOTO COLLECTION / PC 18/1166/18-4354-002

preparation was meticulous, as the *Canadian Composer* noted: "Gimby's instruction sheet includes details on lighting, sound systems, the need to have the piano tuned ... always have food and soft drinks in the children's dressing room for after the performance ... dress rehearsals are barred to parents and relatives – but teachers and press are encouraged to attend." The end result was visual as well as acoustic spectacle. Canadians embraced the song in large part because of the infectious, if manufactured, good feeling that arose whenever they saw the neighbourhood children perform CA-NA-DA.

The federal government was glad to support such good feeling, if only to help Canadians dream of a country in many ways better than the one they lived in. As Martin Goldfarb noted in his report to Vickers and Benson, "there is no doubt that a major objective of [the] Centennial is believed to be the arousing of a nationalistic spirit within Canada. It is a time to propagate the strengths of Canada and to understate the disorders or disturbing elements." Bobby Gimby made achieving that objective a lot easier.

As the centennial celebrations progressed, the general mood of Canadians *did* seem to improve, especially as clear and lasting expressions of Canadian culture were constructed seemingly as often as Bobby Gimby's tune was played. Roughly 40 historical books of a local nature were funded, over 520 recreational structures were built, 67 museums and art galleries were opened or improved, and, in Ottawa, the National Arts Centre was constructed. By 1968, the government's stated intention to declare war on the country's cultural poverty (something that LaMarsh's predecessor, Maurice LaMontagne, saw as a central objective of the centennial celebrations) appeared to have been a success, and Bobby Gimby – arguably, the government's most decorated, if not decorative, cultural soldier – was admitted into the Order of Canada. The honour was no doubt deserved. His cheery, enthusiastic song seemed to have a multiplying effect over Canadians, who, in their own turn, constructed (and consumed) countless other forms of Canadian culture. "Somehow, he had tapped a unified thought running across the nation and with a lot of chasing, managed to coax it onto a piece of paper," noted the *Canadian Composer*. "When a Centennially-excited Canada heard it, it snapped its fingers, jumped up and said, 'Aha, that's it. That's what we want to say, and that's the way to say it.'"

For the principal characters involved in promoting the song, the good feeling of 1967 produced a number of long-term dividends. Vickers and Benson would go on to serve as a key advertising contact for successive Liberal governments, while Martin Goldfarb, the Toronto pollster who asked Canadians what they wanted in a centennial song, ended up as a polling advisor to the federal Liberal party. Bobby Gimby became a one-person patriotic industry, producing and recording jingles for various government projects and winning a number of accolades in the process (he won two Moffat awards for CA-NA-DA in 1968). In 1970, he wrote "Manitoba Hundred" for the Prairie province's centennial; within the next year, he wrote "Go British Columbia!" for the coastal province's hundredth birthday. In 1977, to highlight the federal government's new programs in support of physical fitness, he penned "Fitness Forever."

Gimby even continued releasing his jingoistic jingles while in retirement in Thunder Bay. In 1992, confronted with another restless population and a government-sponsored birthday party (Canada 125), Gimby "assembled a group of children to sing a national-togetherness anthem called 'Let's Get Together, Canada Forever.'" Unfortunately for Gimby, lightning could not strike twice. The song went nowhere. He died in his sleep six years later, at the age of seventy-nine.

Yet the success of CA-NA-DA was certainly accomplishment enough. Simply by reading old music industry magazines, one can see that Bobby Gimby was very proud of the effect his tune had on the country it sought to represent. He also seemed genuinely to believe in the optimistic version of Canada that his song (and the national celebration) offered. "In my opinion, this country will never be the same, musically and culturally, again," he said, "because of the great enthusiasm that has been shown toward the Centennial and everything pertaining to it."

Gimby was probably right. Yet it was in politics, and not music or culture, that the song arguably had its most immediate effect. The youthful, bilingual message of new opportunities represented in CA-NA-DA, and implied in the government's centennial celebrations, appeared achievable with the retirement of both the prime minister and the leader of the opposition (each entering his seventies) by the end of the centennial year. In 1967, Canadians wanted a nation that was similar to the one celebrated, if not sold to them, in Bobby Gimby's anthem. By 1968, a great many of them embraced a politician whose youthful, bilingual message suggested that they could have it.

When Trudeaumania hit Toronto in the spring election of that year, the new prime minister's downtown rally included a performance by none other than Bobby Gimby, the man whose music gently introduced Canadians to the sort of nation that Trudeau hoped to shape.

Kurt Peacock is a Saint John-based writer completing his PhD in history at the University of Toronto. He was born seven years after CA-NA-DA was first released.

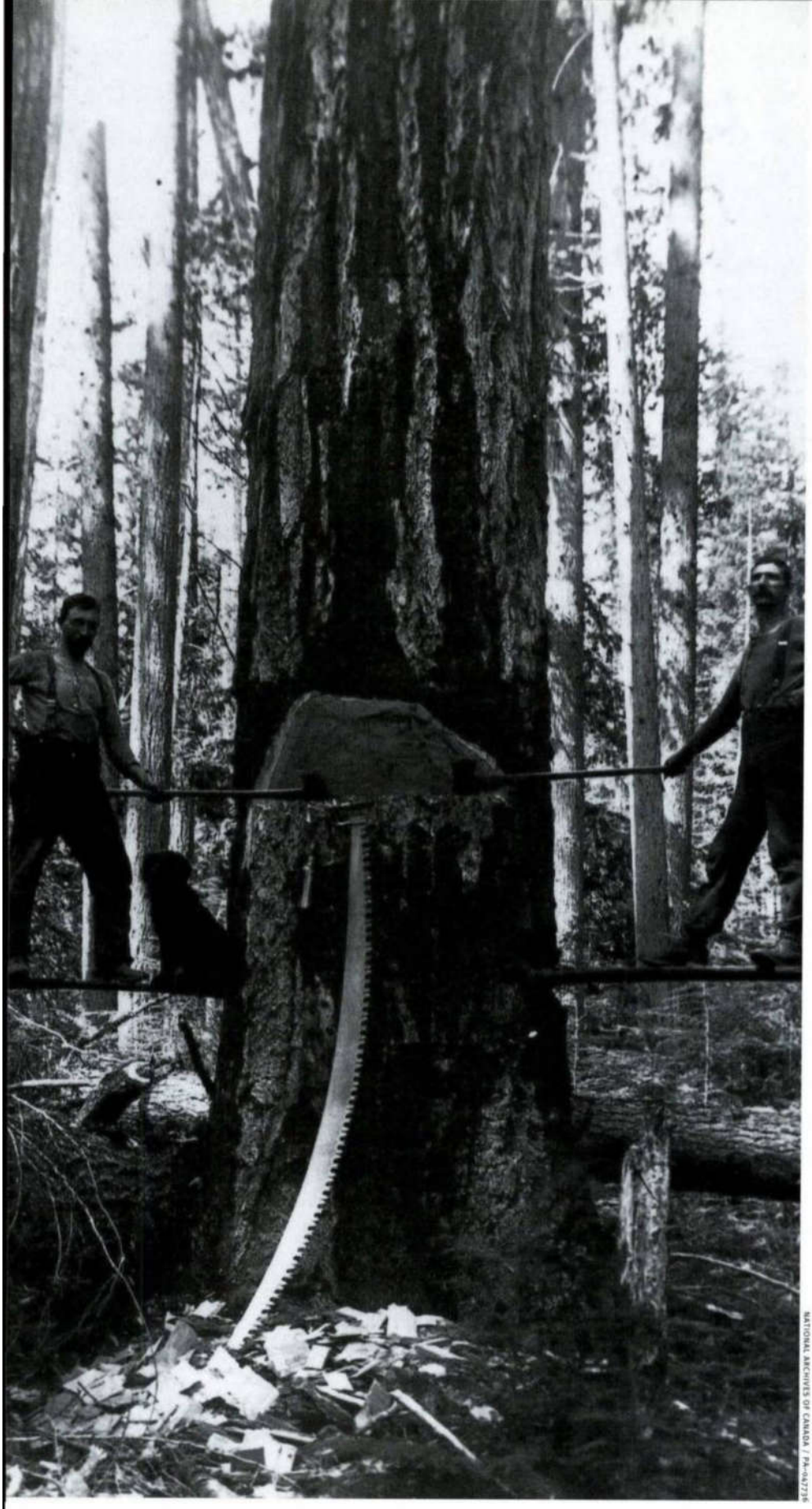
ET CETERA

1967: The Last Good Year **by Pierre Berton. Doubleday, Toronto, 1997.**

An audio version of "CANADA – A Centennial Song" is available at <http://expo67.ncf.ca/expo_gimby.html>.

by Peter Unwin

A Brief History of TIES



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA-047756

In 1836 an unhappily married woman named Anna Jameson took a ramble through the New World. When it was over she did what most travellers to Canada did – she wrote a book about it.* This work, which has entered the Canadian canon and become a classic, contains a frequently quoted sentence: "A Canadian Settler hates a tree, regards it as his natural enemy, as something to be destroyed, eradicated, annihilated by all and any means."

In fairness to Mrs. Jameson, Canadian settlers were definitely *not* tree huggers. They had their own attitudes toward trees and they had their reasons for having them. By 1822 the Military Settling Department had determined the tree to be a leading cause of death. "Drowned," "deceased," and "killed by a tree," were fingered as the great culprits of Canadian depopulation. The first, of course, was "gone to the States."

Often, as happened to the Reverend John Scadding, the tree fell on you. More typically the axe-head bounced and cleaved a foot or leg, leading to the most frequent injury in Canadian medical history: the hatchet wound. Menard, a Jesuit and one of the first white men to reach Lake Superior, had a tree fall on him while paddling a canoe. In the timber camps of eastern Ontario, lumbermen stricken by typhoid and diphtheria were typically carried out in the blankets they died in, and buried in a ditch. Sometimes they had a tooth pulled by a camp dentist, and died of infection. There were countless ways to be killed by a tree. Even the Iroquois Book of Rites, which predates Columbus by half a century, congratulates all who have survived wild beasts, thorny ways, and ... falling trees.

Most famously, death by trees comes in the form of fire. There is barely a town, settlement, ship, or even a lighthouse in the Dominion that did not burn to the ground or waterline at least once, and often twice. One of the first ordinances passed in English Canada was a law requiring homeowners to keep a pail of water on the porch at all times. When Toronto burned to the ground for the second time, wood, as a building material, was outlawed in favour of brick. Vancouver was destroyed by fire in 1886. Ottawa burned twice, and even the mill that sawed the boards that built Ottawa burned four times. The mining town of Cochrane, Ontario, burned three times. In the 1916 fire, more than two hundred people lost their lives. An equal number, caught out in the backwoods, are also believed to have died. Ships on the Great Lakes, blinded by smoke from forest fires, have plunged against rock shores and wrecked.

Some of the fires that ravaged the eastern pineries blotted out the sun for days. These were the "crown fires": they would explode the crown of one tree, race down its trunk to the bush floor, and go after the next one. It didn't help that logging practices of the day left only one-third of every tree behind, making the forest floor a tinderbox. Over it, the great fires moved at almost thirteen kilometres an hour, hopping over bodies of water as wide as the Ottawa River. Some fires stretched more than a hundred kilometres across, with flames fuelled by the rich resins of the pine shooting up forty-five metres into the air; dirt itself was known to ignite.

A 1948 forest fire that swept Lake Superior's north shore generated so much smoke that streetlights had to be turned on at noon as far away as Texas. In fact, it is not unknown for smoke from Canadian forest fires to reach England. The Great Miramichi fire of 1825, in New Brunswick, has

Undercutting a Douglas fir (far left), circa 1910. A century ago, mechanical clear-cutting vast areas of forest did not exist. These workers are shown hand-cutting the tree.

BOTANICAL SKETCHES: NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-093337

Botanical sketches throughout by George Back (1796–1878) from his sketchbook "Views from Upper Canada along the McKenzies River to Great Bear Lake."

Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada, published in London in 1838.

been called "the most dreadful conflagration ... in the history of the world!" At least 160 people died in it. It stretched 112 kilometres on either side of the Miramichi River, and caused winds of such velocity that salmon were sucked out of the river and scattered in the trees.

Given this grim history, it is perhaps not surprising that Canadians were ambivalent toward trees. For Christian settlers there was a much deeper reason to distrust trees: Christ was crucified on a tree – a trembling aspen. The very reason the aspen trembles, wrote essayist Thomas De Quincey, is because *it knows* Christ was murdered on its back.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-000807

***Birch Trees in the Government Gardens, Quebec*, watercolour by Millicent Mary Chaplin (1790–1858).**

Mixing trees with religion is a long and honoured tradition. Native gods blow on trees to make them grow. In the past, skilled natives are believed to have routinely made a rope of willow branches and lassoed the moon. To the poet, the breath of God does not just sigh in the trees, it *soughs*. This delightful Anglo Saxon word pronounced either "sows" or "suffs" originates from the lost verb *swogan*, "to sound." Grey Owl, the world's most famous fake Indian and Canada's original conservationist, called this the sound of trees "praying to be saved." In what is perhaps the first ecological manifesto written in Canada, Grey Owl pinned a note to a tree that said, "God made the forest for the animals. Don't burn it up and make it look like hell."

In pioneer times felling large trees was not easy. John Galt once discovered an oak tree in southern Ontario that was more than ten metres in diameter, with branches that started twenty-four metres above the ground. He speculated the only reason it remained alive was because "there was not yet a saw in Canada long enough to cut through it." The beech trees of Christian Island, Ontario, were once so large they had to be drilled and brought down with dynamite before being fitted into a sawmill. Today the Sitkas of British Columbia are sometimes flown out, individually, by helicopter.

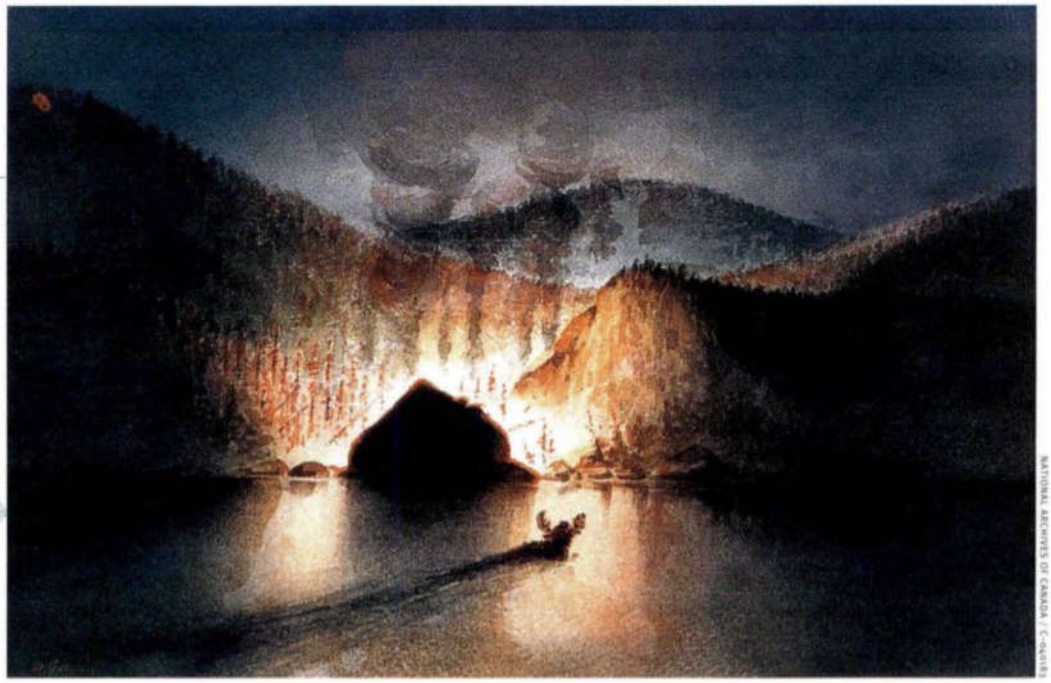
J.R. Booth, owner of the largest mill in the world, took out of the Algonquin area a million trees a year, and did not plant a single one in return.

For many years, it was said and believed that the Canadian forest stretched to infinity. Even those who should have known better, such as economist Stephen Leacock, described with confidence the "trees flowing in from the inexhaustible northern backwoods." In private the timber barons predicted two hundred years of full cutting in Ontario and Quebec. Arguably, they got forty. In that time, from about 1870 to 1910, the largest pinery on the planet was cut down and shipped east on a hundred different rivers. It was an act that staggers the imagination, cost the lives of an untold number of men, and was perhaps as grandiose and labour-intensive as the building of the great pyramids of Egypt or putting a spaceship on the moon.

In those brief years there appeared on the earth an apotheosis of wood, a technology based on trees which today is almost impossible to imagine. When rivers proved insufficient for transporting cut logs, artificial rivers – timber slides – were built above ground. These structures sometimes ran sixty-four kilometres. The men who built them lived in shanties constructed of the trees around them. Watertight scoop roofs were made from halved logs. Door hinges were carved from pine. Nails to hold wood together were made from wood. Timber trains ran on rails made of timber. Fully half the men in Canada were employed cutting down trees.

An entire country sprung up based on the removal of trees; pine trees in particular. This country within a country soon developed its own history, its own code of ethics, a repertoire of song, of poetry, even its own language. Some of the more renowned examples of timber jargon surviving today are "jackpot," the heap of filthy clothing the timbermen left behind them at the end of the season; and "bushwhacker", an itinerant timberman who roved from camp to camp, spreading lice. The term *widow maker* has its origins in the Canadian bush where it describes a dead but standing tree; also known by the French-Canadian word *chicot*, which corrupted into *cheeko*, a term still heard to describe a large stump.

The insularity of this language is sounded in the following exchange



***Moose Attracted by a Forest Fire at Night*, watercolour by Dennis Gale (1828–1903).**

between an injured timberman and a nurse. The timberman, a man named Happy Murphy (apparently it was *de rigeur* for all timbermen to have nicknames) is asked by the nurse how the accident happened. He replies,

> *"Well you see, I was the skyman, and we were shy a grounder, and there was a gazaboo come down the pike and the push took him on. The first thing he sent up was a big blue butt, and I yelled out to him to throw a Saginaw into her, but he St. Croixed her, and then he gunned her, and she came up and cracked my stern."*
>
> *"I don't understand," said the nurse.*
>
> *"I don't either," interrupted the top loader. "I think he must have been bughouse or jigerood."*

Behind such displays of rhetoric lay the elimination of the North American forest. By 1890, Wisconsin was practically denuded of trees, and American timber barons were buying up timber rights in Canada – where the policy of "cut out and get out" was in full swing. By 1920 the spoliation of the Lake Superior forests was complete. Stumpage fees were neither collected nor assessed, and the trees often went straight into American mills.

Arguably one of the first attempts at timber management undertaken by the Canadian forest industry occurred in 1865 when assassins were hired to murder E. Pauline Johnson's father, the forest warden who resolutely guarded the trees of the Six Nations reserve. By the early twentieth century, the industry was so corrupt that Port Arthur, Ontario, became known as "the place where they manufacture affidavits." When the Ontario Temperance Act came into effect, and it was no longer possible for hotel owners to make a killing in liquor, they found it an easy move into timbering.

By 1919 the "timber thieves" had created such havoc that the Riddell-Latchford commission was appointed to investigate. A timberman accused of cutting trees on private property offered the intriguing defence that trees belonged to God, therefore he could do what he wanted with them. When a piling and pulpwood operator was asked by the commission what he would do if he saw good timber on private land, he answered at once, "I'd wheel right into her."

Wheel right in they did. J.R. Booth, owner of the largest mill in the world, took out of the Algonquin area a million trees a year, and did not plant a single one in return. His mill at Ottawa churned more than three hundred thousand metres of board every shift. The largest sawmill in the United States at Duluth did not produce that much lumber in a year. A century after Philemon Wright had guided the first crib of pine trees down the Ottawa River in 1807, the cry was already ringing through the great eastern pinery: "Crooked trees make straight dollars, boys. Cut them down!"

By 1922 the Riddell-Latchford commission wrapped up its investigations with a series of recommendations that were ignored. In 1925 J.R. Booth transported the last squared timber out of eastern Ontario and then, at the age of ninety-nine, died. The great pineries of eastern Canada were gone.

In western Canada it was a different story. There the compulsion to rid the land of trees was replaced by an equally potent urge to plant them. To the European, arriving in a land without trees was a second form of exile – the first one being from the biblical garden that trees symbolize. What followed in the West was an effort to reestablish Eden on a treeless plain. The apple tree was preferred: it was the first tree in the first garden, a potent Christian symbol, a good food source, and planting them was considered an act of faith and permanence (an apple tree can take years to yield). The first apple trees to reach the Okanagan Valley

Booth lumber camp, circa 1895. J.R. Booth (1827–1925) held the most extensive timber limits in Canada and was the foremost manufacturer of lumber for British and American markets.

were planted by a Catholic priest, Father Charles Pandosy, in 1862.

Generally, apple trees were planted by the hundreds of thousands without success until the Saunder's Hybrid proved capable of surviving the cold Canadian winter. The planting of trees became a moral passion. In the nineteenth century, a special "Arbor Day" was "set apart and consecrated" in the U.S. and Canada for the planting of trees.

We form our sense of space in relation to a tree. In southern Ontario, a mature hardwood is the size of a three-storey house. Its mantle fans over the roof in summer, and provides a windbreak in winter. Many of the neighbourhoods of North America are arranged on this principle.

Whether we know it or not, trees are a standard for judging distances. The visual standard set by trees accounts for the disorientation experienced on the prairies: the sense that things look closer than they are. In the Arctic, where the tree is replaced by the rock, the feeling can be reversed: points that seem far away, are closer. Near the Arctic Circle I heard an Inuk woman boast of being "down South." Curious as to how far she'd managed to get, I asked her. "Whitehorse," she said. When I suggested Whitehorse might not qualify as "down South" she laughed at me. "Of course it does. They have trees there and *everything*!"

Trees define the strength of this continent just as the removal of trees defines its deterioration. Henry David Thoreau, in a passage almost too cruel to read, once described an axe head cleaving into a tree trunk as though it were an assault on the human body. When John Galt cut down the first tree at what is now Guelph, Ontario, he observed, tellingly, "the genius of the Woods departing this place forever." Author Malcolm Lowry's favourite tree outside Vancouver was cut down in order that a small part could be used to build a violin. Incensed, Lowry pinned a note to the stump; "Would you like this to happen to you, you pig dog? When you hear your lousy fiddle it will make a noise like slaughtered birds." According to Oliver Wendell Holmes the best poems he ever wrote were the trees he planted on the banks of the Hoosatonic River in Massachusetts. The painter John Constable embraced trees the way he embraced children. Emerson hoped that all the pages of his books would bear the smell of pine.

It would seem that in our deepest imagination the tree constitutes a human being. When John Galt and his party felled that maple at Guelph "there was a funereal pause as when a coffin is lowered into the grave." The killing of trees creates outrage, and the planting of seedlings is hailed as virtuous. The conflict resonates throughout the language of timbering. According to the industry, trees are "harvested." But the term has not stuck. Trees are "felled," "cut down," "chopped down," the language of warfare; the warrior "falls" in battle, men are "cut down" by machine-gun fire.

Trees are rooted so deeply in us that it is difficult to know where the tree ends and where the human begins.

Whether it be the Tree of Life, painted fifteen thousand years ago on a Canaanite Megiddo vase, the tree of knowledge, the inverted tree of the Cabala, the Iroquois Tree of Peace, or the Green Man mythologies that reach back to the last Ice Age, trees are rooted so deeply in us that it is difficult to know where the tree ends and where the human begins. According to Pauline Johnson, her parents resolved their squabbles by walking among the hardwoods of the Grand River – the first known example of a successful couples therapy performed by trees. These massive maples, elms, walnuts, and oaks were, in her words, "the imperial trees ... voiceful and kingly." Here is signalled the familiar notion of the tree as natural king. The white pine has long been called "the Monarch of the Forest." Trees have "crowns." For centuries we have attributed wisdom to them. Christ may have been crucified on a tree, but the

Oblate missionaries first planted fruit near Kelowna in the Okanagan Valley in 1862.

Buddha became enlightened while sitting beneath one.

The study of trees is known as dendrology. The tree, according to Morton and Lewis, is "a single stemmed perennial woody plant growing to a height of more than 10 feet." Trees, like people and animals, migrate. Spruces, larches, birches, poplars, and willows sweep quickly across a continent. Oaks, the walnuts, the butternuts possess heavy seeds and require animals to move them, hence they travel slower. Regardless of their speed, all trees, according to Vladimir Nabokov, "are pilgrims, all trees in the world are journeying somewhere. They have their Messiah whom they seek." Perhaps that Messiah lives in Toronto which occasionally calls itself "the City of Trees."

There are approximately 130 native species of trees in North America. Each of them possesses its own Book of Wisdom. This wisdom was accumulated over many centuries by the First People who, fortunately, were willing to pass it on.

When Cartier arrived on the shores of North America in the 1530s with half his crew dying of scurvy, the Stadaconans supplied them with the boiled young twigs of the red spruce mixed with maple sugar and then fermented. The knowledge that this concoction cured scurvy could not have come easily. Untold years of trial and error were needed to discover whether the young twigs, not the mature ones, did the job, or that maple sugar and not sturgeon eggs was required for the concoction to work.

That the natives possessed such knowledge was recognized early on by the Europeans who witnessed "Indians" extracting syrup from the maple tree as early as the 1600s. In 1824 Reverend William Bell, in his book *Hints to Immigrants*, advised using trees as a cure for being lost: "Large trees have always moss on the north side and the largest limbs generally on the south." According to Bell, natives steered their way through the woods by following the longest branches of the birch tree, "which are said to point eastward."

It would not take long to observe natives using the white ash to relieve the itching of mosquito bites, or to learn that the roots of the eastern cottonwood were excellent for creating friction fires. South Ontario settlers were soon using dried beech leaves to stuff mattresses because it was springier than straw. Canadian pine, it was discovered, does not warp and gutter in the rain, which made it perfect for the masts of sailing ships and the windowsills of houses. In the absence of writing paper, French explorer La Hontain took to inscribing his notes on birchbark. For the constipated, the white walnut tree provides a soothing laxative. The inner root of the tulip tree makes an excellent heart stimulant, although it is not clear how this connection was made, or by

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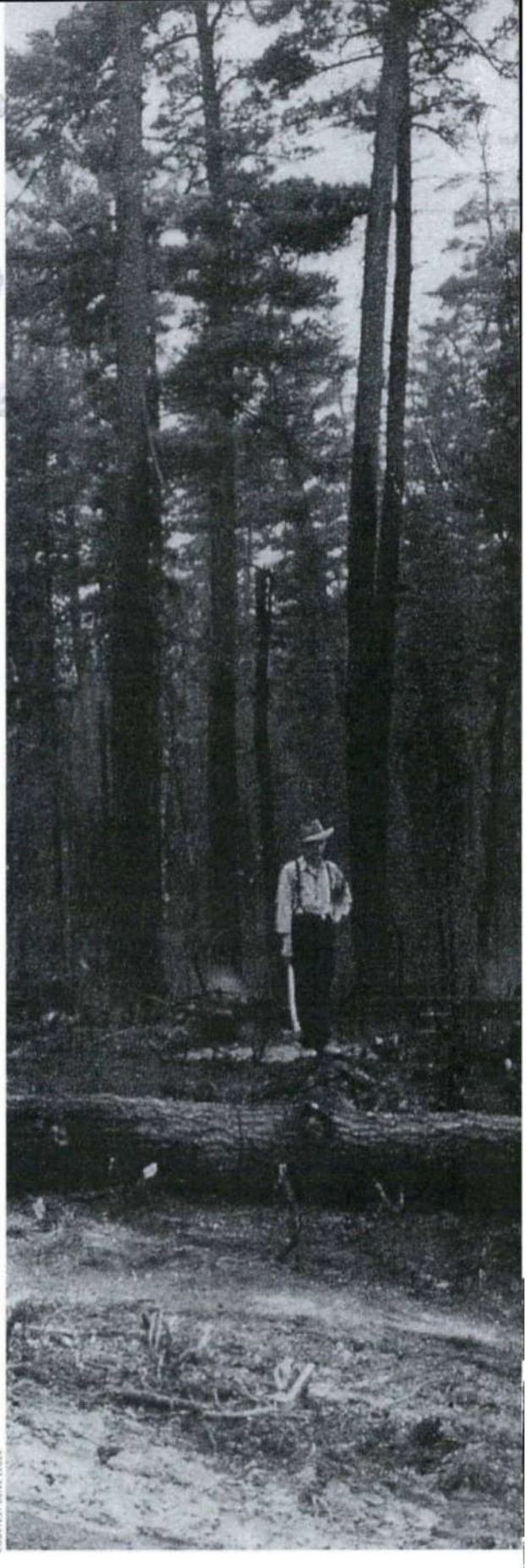
whom. The same can be said of the witch hazel, which is used to divine water. Rope was made from the hackberry tree, ink from the pin oak. Arrow shafts from the western snowberry, bows from the yew and ash. The acorns of the white oak can be eaten, the oil extracted from it soothes painful joints. Rocky Mountain juniper was found to be excellent for the manufacture of pencils, the black willow for polo balls. The letters in Gutenberg's printing press were carved from beech. And on it goes.

Perhaps the Vikings had the final word when they insisted the world was held together by a tree: the ash tree.

By 1860 southern Ontario was almost void of trees. Anna Jameson's tree-hating (and penniless) Canadians had chopped down everything in sight and burned it. A contemporary, Samuel Strickland, once described the countryside of southwestern Ontario lit up night after night by as many as two hundred brushfires. The ash from these burnings would be rendered into potash, a cash crop, and sold to England to make soap. Perhaps in uttering her famous comment, Jameson was unaware that the government of Upper Canada demanded settlers clear a certain acreage of trees each year or face having their land repossessed.

After spending barely a year in the New World, during which time she made unflattering comments about the Irish, inaccurate and problematic observations on the "Indians," and condescending remarks about Canadian settlers, Anna Jameson concluded that "the people here are in great enthusiasm about me," then returned to England, where she wrote books about art, and died in 1860.

Five years later, paid assassins attacked Pauline Johnson's father, the officially appointed protector of the "imperial" hardwoods of the Grand River. Attacked again a decade later, he finally died in his own bed beneath the oaks and the walnuts that suffed and soughed outside his window. He was just one of many who were killed by trees. He died not for his hatred of them, but for his love and his devotion. He was one of many martyrs who have given their lives to this complex and barely understood religion.



COURTESY OLIVE LEGER

Zephirin Larocque (right), one of thousands of men who combatted a fire that blazed through most of the summer of 1948 along the Mississagi River near Chapleau on Lake Superior's north shore. The fire is said to have generated so much smoke, streetlights were switched on during the day in Texas.

Peter Unwin is a Toronto writer. His most recent book is *The Wolf's Head: Writing Lake Superior*, published by Viking Canada.

ET CETERA

Timber Wolves: Greed and Corruption in Northwestern Ontario's Timber Industry, 1875–1960 **by J.P. Bertrand. Thunder Bay Historical Museum Society, Thunder Bay, 1997.**

Let's Call the Whole Thing Off

A couple gets engaged. They tell friends and family. They set a wedding date. A month before the big day, the guy calls it off.

The would-be bride is hurt, traumatized even, but soon realizes she's likely better off without him. Odds are the marriage would have been not-quite-paradise.

But she'd like to get back at him for jilting her.

Until recently, she could. As late as the 1980s, she could have sued. A lawsuit for what's known as "breach of promise" gave women like her legal recourse against the contemptible man.

by Douglas J. Johnston

A woman could only sue for monetary damages. You couldn't get a judge to order a reluctant fiancé to "perform the contract," as lawyers say. The law recognized that forcing a man to walk down the aisle wouldn't produce a trophy husband or happy marriage. So it developed legal rights and remedies to govern what happens when a man dumps his fiancée.

Historically, there were good reasons for treating a promise to marry as an enforceable contract. From medieval times, courtship among the noble and moneyed classes was a formal affair, often including property settlements. Gifts of land, chattels, or money were a normal part of the agreement to marry. Marriage was entered into as much for material gain as for love. If the marriage failed to occur, the man stood to lose a substantial dowry. The woman stood to lose the one thing that would guide her life: marriage, and thereby a share in her husband's wealth, status, or title.

Another reason engagements were caught in the web of contract law derives from early nineteenth-century British society's worship of the cult of the virgin. Breach of promise suits grew out of the upper middle-class world portrayed in Jane Austen novels – a society in which unmarried sex so tainted a woman that her marriage prospects were nil, and in which an unchaste single woman was a social pariah.

A man who broke his engagement cast doubt on his fiancée's chastity. To safeguard her reputation, protocol demanded he publicly confess he had no grounds to terminate his betrothal. And because engagement was a legally enforceable contract,

he could be compelled to declare as to the lady's unassailable virtue as a term of settlement of threatened, or commenced, litigation. Absent such a declaration, went the theory, other potential suitors would consider her damaged goods.

The right to sue for breach of promise also protected the offending man from vigilante justice. Denied a legal remedy, the bride's father and brothers were known to take the law into their own hands, as in an early English case where the father testified in court that he would break the ex-fiancé's neck "if the law didn't punish the scoundrel."

Breach-of-promise lawsuits were part of the legal legacy Canada inherited from Great Britain. By the late nineteenth century, all Canadian provinces and territories (except Quebec, which adhered to French civil law of the Napoleonic code) had adopted British law. As the law evolved in Canada, however, wrinkles were added – wrinkles that gave rise to defences to breach-of-promise suits.

One such wrinkle – again reflective of virgin mania – was the principle that a man's promise to marry a woman was implicitly conditional on her "absolute bodily chastity at all previous times." In other words, a man sued for backing out of an engagement could avoid liability if he proved his intended had, as judges with clinical delicacy liked to put it, "ceased to be *virgo intacta*."

Proving a lady suffered a "lapse from virtue" (another judicial euphemism) placed a tough evidentiary burden on male defendants. Nineteenth- or early twentieth-century judges weren't given to ordering a lady undergo an independent medical examination.

Thus the man had to come up with strong circumstantial evidence of his former fianceé having slept with someone else either before or after he asked for her hand. Difficult to do. So much so that judges began to widen the scope of female misconduct that justified a man quitting his engagement.

In 1888, a Mr. Cornock of Guelph, Ontario, abruptly dumped his fiancée, a Miss Grant of same place. Not one to stew in sterile rage, Miss Grant sued for damages for breach of promise, and thereby launched litigation that created Canadian legal precedent.

At trial, Mr. Cornock didn't allege Miss Grant wasn't a virgin. Instead he argued, according to the defence he filed with the court, she was a slatternly sort: that she was given to "improper conduct in resorting to houses of improper character, in associating publicly with other men, in swearing profanely in both public and in private, in singing when in company with men obscene songs, and in using when in such company obscene and indecent language."

Though, on appeal, the court ultimately found that there had been a breach of promise, it also sanctioned a new line of defence to such claims. The decision signalled that henceforth, judges could apply an elastic definition of female purity in considering defences to breach-of-promise actions. In the words of Mr. Justice Falconbridge, one of the three Ontario appellate-court judges who heard the appeal, "the 'chastity' referred to is not merely freedom from unlawful sexual commerce, but freedom from obscenity or impurity in language or association."

By the 1920s, this definition had been stretched to the point of snapping. Judges routinely entertained the notion, as one judge put it, that "any form of gross behaviour may form a defence."

However, change was on the horizon. Mandating unrealistically high moral rectitude for female plaintiffs came to an abrupt end following a 1926 bellwether case heard by Alberta's highest court. It finally put to rest the dictum that if a woman wasn't a virgin, her fiancé, with legal impunity, could call off the wedding.

"A woman's fall, repented of," pronounced Justice Beck of the Alberta Court of Appeal, should be "looked at with much more humaneness and Christian charity ... it is, in my opinion, laying too heavy a burden upon the woman to say that, if in the midst of all her temptations she should lapse from virtue, she cannot so rehabilitate herself as to become virtuous, be entitled to dismiss the past and to ignore it in her relationship with others."

This liberalization of breach-of-promise law caught on in judicial circles. Thereafter the law remained more or less static for decades – until the sexual revolution of the 1960s, followed by several decades in which unmarried cohabitation became commonplace, rendered it effectively obsolete. By the 1980s, the idea of someone being able to sue a betrothed for not keeping a promise to marry looked anachronistic, if not downright silly.

Moreover, feminists saw it as patronizing to women. Suits for breach of promise are based on the idea that a woman's financial security depends on marriage, and that her prospects for marriage and its accompanying financial security are hurt by a broken engagement. But as many feminists pointed out, most contemporary men and women are on equal economic footing, so there is no longer a need for a legal action designed to protect women from a too-precious view of womanly reputation.

More to the point, most people, if asked, would have been surprised to learn getting engaged created binding legal obligations. Ultimately, the critical question became: If a man and woman who get engaged don't consider themselves to be entering into a legal contract, why should the law impose one?

One by one, provincial legislatures in rapid succession enacted what came to be known as "anti-heart-balm statutes," which abolished the right to sue for breach of promise. In Canada, breach of promise actions are, in a word, history.

"Just as well," a female law librarian friend once observed. "That's not the kind of wedding suit guys have in mind." ◘

Douglas J. Johnston is a Winnipeg lawyer and writer.

Showdown at

by Andrew Nicholls **In 1629, sixty Scots landed on Cape Breton to begin the island's first Scottish settlement. The French were not amused.**

Facing page, top: Sir William Alexander's map of Nova Scotia and the east coast of Canada published in 1625. Alexander, Earl of Stirling, an enthusiast of Scottish settlement in the New World, was granted in 1621 the entire region now comprising the provinces of New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, and part of Gaspé. He named it "New Scotland." However, the French claimed the same area as Acadia. Scots were largely disinclined to emigrate to New Scotland anyway, and the few that did, at Fort Rosemar on Cape Breton Island in 1629, lasted only two months before being attacked by the French. Britain did not come to dominate the region until 1711, when it captured Port Royal, on the Bay of Fundy, from the French. In the 1713 Treaty of Utrecht that ended the French-English conflict, however, the French retained Cape Breton Island and founded the fortress at Louisbourg.

Captain Charles Daniel realized the circumstances called for bold measures. The veteran French sailor and officer of the Company of One Hundred Associates had been at sea for two months and his mission appeared to be in tatters. It was August 28, 1629, and Daniel had been separated from the other four ships in his squadron in a heavy fog off the Grand Banks. Now, putting ashore in the Grand Cibou[1] on Cape Breton Island, he chose a different role. Instead of leading a relief column to rescue Samuel de Champlain and his besieged party at Quebec, Daniel made a decision to attack a settlement of Scottish and English brigands who had trespassed on the lands of his master, the king of France, elsewhere on the island. What did it matter that the French and British kingdoms were now at peace? Justice had to be served. That at least was how Captain Daniel saw things.

The attack that Captain Daniel was about to launch and the circumstances that precipitated it represent a dramatic yet relatively obscure chapter in the history of French and British rivalries in early Canada. In 1629, the theatre for this conflict was the entire St. Lawrence region and Acadia, which had been settled by French traders since 1604. Daniel's reasons for being there, and the factors that caused his Anglo-Scottish targets to be there as well, are best understood as an offshoot of the Thirty Years' war in Europe and as a ramification of one man's dream of founding a colony in the New World.

In 1627, Charles I, king of England, Scotland, and Ireland, had declared war on his brother-in-law, Louis XIII of France. It was a rash decision. The two kings had formerly been allies, something that was symbolized by Charles's marriage to Louis's sister, Henrietta Maria, in 1625. But, a combination of issues – most notably complaints that his wife's dowry remained unpaid, that France was mistreating its Huguenot (Protestant) population, and that Cardinal Richelieu had misled Charles's chief advisor, the Duke of Buckingham, in diplomatic negotiations – impelled the British king to war. His kingdoms, however, were ill-equipped to fight against a major European power.

England's Parliament had already shown great reluctance to provide open-ended military funding; both England and Scotland lacked permanent standing armies and the Royal Navy was cash-strapped. Given this, the Crown looked to proxies to help with the prosecution of the war, most notably privateers, who could harry French military and commercial shipping. It was one such group of English privateers, the Kirke Brothers, who helped spur the drama that was about to unfold on Cape Breton Island.

In the early spring of 1628, a flotilla led by Captain David Kirke embarked from Gravesend and made for the St. Lawrence basin. There it captured French merchant vessels and booty before seizing the trade outpost of Tadoussac. By July, Kirke had the St. Lawrence completely closed to French shipping and was bearing down on Samuel de Champlain and his fledgling trading post at Quebec. Throughout the summer, Kirke laid siege to the installation, but despite severe shortages of food and other supplies, Champlain resolutely refused to surrender. Champlain knew that the most powerful man in France, Armand du Plessis, Cardinal Richelieu, had recently formed the Company of One Hundred Associates to take over the lucrative Canadian fur trade. If he and his party could just

[1] Today's St. Ann's Harbour, thirty-three kilometres west of Sydney.

Fort Rosemar

BEAVER COLLECTION

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, EARL OF STIRLING / SCOTTISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

Born in the village of Menstrie, Scotland, around 1577, William Alexander became a scholar and a poet, and, when he moved to London, a court favourite of both James I and Charles I, from whom he received a number of political appointments (including membership in the Scottish Privy Council), honours (a knighthood in 1609, a viscountcy in 1630, an earldom in 1633), and land grants in the New World. Seeking to create a New Scotland comparable to New France and New England, he made several, largely unsuccessful, attempts to persuade Scots to emigrate. His plans also met with competition from the French, who challenged his claims to Nova Scotia, and from English adventurers whose achievements harrying New France threatened to supplant him as a dominant force in the region. Eleven years after the fall of Fort Rosemar, Alexander died bankrupt.

hold out a little longer, Champlain was sure that relief would come. By comparison, with winter approaching, David Kirke realized that the siege of Quebec would have to be abandoned until the next year. Nonetheless, in London, the exploits of the Kirke brothers received wide public acclaim from nearly everyone, save one man – Sir William Alexander of Menstrie.

Alexander, a court poet, had long dreamt of founding a Scottish colony in the New World. In 1618, he joined an English consortium as part of the Newfoundland Company and received extensive land grants there. His aspirations appeared to be on the verge of realization in 1621, when James I (James VI in Scotland) granted him lands comprising the modern-day Maritime provinces and part of the state of Maine, to be planted by Scottish settlers as "Nova Scotia." However, throughout the middle 1620s, Nova Scotia languished on the drawing board. Although Alexander enjoyed ongoing Crown support, he showed little progress in encouraging financial subscribers, much less active colonists. Then, the actions of the Kirkes caught his attention.

Eventual profits from the ventures would go to the company and its shareholders, and ... Charles I would be master, on paper at least, of much of the North American coastline, from Newfoundland south to Virginia.

During the late autumn and early winter of 1628–1629, Alexander mounted a lobbying campaign at court against the Kirkes and their backers, claiming that they had infringed on part of his patented territory, which included the south bank of the St. Lawrence through to the Gaspé Peninsula. This created a delicate situation for Charles I, who had succeeded his father in 1625. He had no desire to violate Alexander's charter, much less alienate the man he had made his trusted secretary for Scotland. But he could not simply restrain the Kirkes. Their St. Lawrence campaign was one of the few things that had gone well in the conflict with France.

Fortunately for all concerned, a compromise was reached. Under Charles's directions, the two parties were brought together, and by the early spring of 1629, a new consortium, the Merchant Adventurers of Canada, had been born. Under this guise, the Kirkes were freed to complete their capture of Quebec and commence operating its fur trade, while Alexander would press forward with the planting of Nova Scotia. Eventual profits from the ventures would go to the company and its shareholders, and perhaps just as importantly, Charles I would be master, on paper at least, of much of the North American coastline, from Newfoundland south to Virginia.

The creation of the Merchant Adventurers of Canada came at a most opportune time for Alexander. In 1627 he had tried to accelerate the colony by provisioning an expeditionary fleet at Dumbarton. In the summer of 1628, it sailed for the New World under the command of his son, Sir William Alexander Jr. The final destination of the younger Alexander's party remains a mystery. Apparently, he did not land the prospective settlers within the territory designated in his father's Nova Scotia charter, opting instead to put them ashore at Tadoussac or perhaps on other lands held by Alexander Sr., in Newfoundland. Thereafter, the younger Alexander returned to London, leaving the settlers to face a winter of privation and scurvy. However, the new arrangements with the Kirkes gave fresh impetus to the plantation schemes, and the early months of 1629 featured a revitalized effort to recruit colonists and to expand the scope of settlements in Nova Scotia.

Sometime during this process, Alexander invited (or was persuaded to accept) an old cohort to establish a second colony within the chartered territories for Nova Scotia. Sir William Alexander Jr. was slated to make his plantation in Acadia, at the old French settlement of Port Royal[2], but now the king himself fronted a loan of £500 to place this second colony on Cape Breton Island, under the command of James Stewart of Killeith, fourth lord Ochiltree. Ochiltree was a rash man, and this new venture would feature many rash elements.

His father had once been lord chancellor of Scotland under James VI, although he was ultimately stripped of his office, banished, and finally murdered by political rivals. Ochiltree himself could boast of long years in royal service. He had helped to suppress a rebellion on Orkney in 1614 and served for a number of years as the king's chief agent, or tacksman, in Scotland's northern isles. He was also an experienced politician, with numerous state appointments to his credit. In the autumn of 1625 he received the ultimate signal of royal favour – an invitation to court. From that October through to the end of January 1626, he served as a special advisor to Charles I on his proposed "Revocation" scheme that would have resulted in a massive tax-grab from Scotland's landholding classes.

Against all of this, ambiguities surrounded Ochiltree's enlistment to the Nova Scotia project. While on one level he fit the profile of a desirable colonial leader, he also had several skeletons in his closet. In 1622, the Scottish Privy Council revoked his commission for Orkney, largely owing to years of complaints regarding his methods of rent collection and irregularities in the forwarding of Crown revenues. The resulting political scandal led to nasty recriminations within Edinburgh's political community. In addition, Ochiltree entered the 1620s deeply in debt. While this was by no means uncommon among members of the Scottish peerage, Ochiltree compounded his problems by dodging his credi-

[2]Established by the French in 1605 on the north shore of the Annapolis Basin near the mouth of the Annapolis River. Port Royal struggled for survival. It was abandoned in 1607, reestablished in 1610, then destroyed by the English in 1613.

tors and fleeing to Ulster, where he apparently took up residence sometime in 1623. Under the circumstances, his career might have been at an end.

He was fortunate in his friends, however. The accession of Charles I spelled new opportunities, and through the patronage of an old ally, Robert Maxwell, first earl of Nithsdale, Ochiltree found himself at court helping to draft the Revocation scheme. This brush with true authority was short-lived. The program was fraught with difficulties, and Ochiltree was despised by Scotland's leading ministers. His career as a royal advisor had been meteoric, but amidst many complaints about the proposed Revocation, he was dropped from the royal circle in early 1626. Ochiltree's name thereafter disappears from government records until he was granted a licence to form a colony on Cape Breton Island in the spring of 1629, on the eve of Sir William Alexander Jr.'s embarkation to plant his own settlement at Port Royal.

A number of questions present themselves. Why did Ochiltree suddenly get involved in a colonial venture? Even more importantly, why was he charged to found a settlement on Cape Breton Island, rather than join with the main Alexander party at Port Royal, when Nova Scotia had proven to be such a difficult prospect all along? Would it not have made more sense to consolidate the settlements?

Although the relevant documents are silent on these questions, context and circumstantial evidence offer some clues as to the makeup and purpose of the Cape Breton colony. The Kirke brothers were expected to complete the capture of Quebec that summer (Champlain surrendered to David Kirke's brother Lewis on July 19, 1629); something that would bring all of the Canadian coastline and the St. Lawrence under nominal British control. Sustaining this would be difficult in the context of the war, however, as British military resources were stretched to the limit. But a fortified installation on Cape Breton Island might have been viewed as additional protection for both Alexander Jr.'s Port Royal settlement to the southeast and for the St. Lawrence basin. In Ochiltree, the king and Alexander had a man who had performed quasi-military duties before and could be useful in such a position.

The Ochiltree party was assembled in haste, however. Although it would not be revealed until they reached Cape Breton, a significant block within the group turned out to be Brownists[3] – separatists from the Church of England – who had no intention of residing with the main body of Ochiltree's party. While this would not prove fatal to the colony, it did compromise its cohesion. This was important because the party was expected to perform duties above and beyond the mere establishment of a colonial settlement. Charles I intended that his rights in the area should be asserted. Accordingly, Ochiltree was given authority to police the fishing grounds around Cape Breton Island and to levy penalties against any fisherman who had not obtained licenses from the British monarch. It was this policy that led Captain Charles Daniel to attack and destroy Ochiltree's colony.

Meanwhile, back in Europe, two other developments were unfolding that would prove critical for the fates of the settlers at Cape Breton. France's Company of One Hundred Associates moved in the spring of 1629 to prevent Quebec from falling into British hands. Under the leadership of Cardinal Richelieu, relief flotillas were assembled at Dieppe and La Rochelle to both assist Champlain and his party and to clear the St. Lawrence of the Kirkes' privateering fleet. These efforts featured very senior commanders, including the Admiral of France, the sieur de Razilly, and Captain Charles Daniel, whose maritime experiences in North American waters dated back more than twenty years. Richelieu intended this to be a most formidable squadron.

Then, the plans changed.

Even while the Kirke and Alexander parties had been preparing their embarkations, and while the Company of One Hundred Associates raced to forestall them, representatives of the French and British monarchs had been working to end the war. In late April 1629, they reached an agreement – the Treaty of Susa. Among other things, it stipulated that all overseas territories and properties seized during the war should be returned to their original owners, and that no further hostilities would be permitted. The news of this agreement arrived in time for the French to disband much of their intended squadron, but not in time to stop the Kirke or Alexander expeditions from departing. They did so, assuming that the war was still on.

Captain Daniel knew otherwise. When he put to sea in June, his fleet had been scaled back drastically to just five ships. Nonetheless, he sailed under orders to forestall the Kirkes and relieve Champlain. But, in heavy fog, his squadron was separated, and on August 28, his ship entered Grand Cibou alone.

In reconnoitering the area, Daniel learned some intriguing and troubling things about the Anglo-Scottish settlement that had been planted at the place the French called Port-aux-Baleines. The party, he was told, was led by a Scottish lord, a certain "James Stuart" who had become the terror of French and other foreign fishermen in Cape Breton's waters. According to one French captain Daniel met, the British interlopers had raided his ship and stolen his cannon. They were now using these as the principle guns for the fortified residence they called Fort Rosemar. Others had suffered as well. Since landing in early July, the British had been confiscating the catches of any fishermen who could not produce licences issued by Charles I.

Daniel believed his course was clear. The region belonged to his king, by virtue of long-standing French claims, and because the Treaty of Susa precluded the taking of any new territories. While he might be unable to perform

[3]Named for Robert Browne (1550?–1633), a prominent Elizabethan dissenter from the Church of England.

his duties to Champlain, he could certainly deal with the party at Fort Rosemar.

With his own command of fifty-three men and a cadre of friendly natives, Daniel stood a better-than-even chance of matching his adversaries. But, given the gunnery Ochiltree's party possessed, Fort Rosemar seemed unlikely to fall in a direct assault. So, Daniel opted for a ruse. First, he captured two shallops containing fishermen from Fort Rosemar, and imprisoned them on another part of Cape Breton Island. Next, on September 10, he approached Rosemar, and assured the British that his party was coming in peace. According to Ochiltree, Daniel cited the recent signing of the Treaty of Susa as proof of the new amity that existed between their sovereigns. Then, the accounts of the participants diverge. When Captain Daniel prepared a report on the incident for Cardinal Richelieu in December 1629, he stated that Fort Rosemar fell in a direct assault, and that the party inside offered a stout defence. This assertion was corroborated by André Malapart, another member of Daniel's force, whose own memoir of the event was published in Rouen in 1630. Malapart related that the French had bombarded Fort Rosemar from their ships, while a force of soldiers led by Daniel conducted the actual assault. Malapart also stated that he lost an eye and part of one of his hands in the action.

Once inside the fort, however, [the French] fell upon Ochiltree and his party, disarmed them, and took their clothes.

Ochiltree's version of the taking of Fort Rosemar was different. He later stressed that the French had approached his installation under false pretenses, claiming that they came in peace owing to the suspension of hostilities between their kings. Once inside the fort, however, they fell upon Ochiltree and his party, disarmed them, and took their clothes. A member of Ochiltree's band, Captain Constance Ferrar, later testified that they had been tricked by the French. Whichever version of the taking of Fort Rosemar one wishes to believe, the result was the same. Captain Charles Daniel was now master of the installation and a party of British prisoners.

Hereafter, the sources are in basic agreement. Daniel proved to be a harsh captor. Ochiltree and his company were ordered to demolish their fort, after which Daniel force-marched the prisoners forty kilometres northeastwards from Port-aux-Baleines to Bras d'Or Bay. There, they were forced to construct a new fortification, which Daniel christened Fort Sainte-Anne. Once the installation was completed, Daniel left a small party behind to act as a garrison and set sail for France.

Ochiltree later complained bitterly about the treatment his party received from their captors. In written testimony, he accused Daniel of treating his prisoners like slaves and of depriving them of adequate food, water, and shelter. On the return crossing, during which they were stowed in the hold of Daniel's ship, Ochiltree's party suffered deprivations and indignities. Ochiltree contracted pleurisy during the voyage, and he complained that several grief-stricken women had been forced to throw the bodies of their dead children into the sea. As a final humiliation, Daniel had refused to off-load Ochiltree at Falmouth where he deposited the main body of the British party, opting instead to take him and fifteen others to Dieppe as prisoners. Once they had landed at the French port, Ochiltree was thrown into jail, where he remained for a month. His extradition back to London did not come until the end of the year.

Although Lord Ochiltree almost immediately began pressing for reparations from Charles I, his attempts to return to the New World were disappointed. Initially, the king was supportive, and tried a number of means to assist Ochiltree financially. Then, in the spring of 1632, Ochiltree ruined everything by levying boundless charges of treason against Charles's Scottish favourite, the marquis of Hamilton. The king was so enraged that he had Ochiltree thrown into prison and eventually transported back to Scotland, where he remained in custody, without trial, for nearly twenty years. He died, virtually penniless, in 1657.

The Treaty of Susa and its final ratification as the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Lay in 1632 also had ramifications for the Kirkes and the Alexanders. Although the Kirke brothers had taken Quebec and had transported Champlain and his party back to England, they had to accept new realities as well. Disputes over trade goods they took at Quebec led to hearings before the English Admiralty court, and in 1632, Quebec was returned to the French. The Kirkes never believed they were adequately compensated. For their parts, the Alexanders hoped that Port Royal might be retained as a Scottish settlement, but Charles I's negotiators agreed to surrender it as well. Although the Alexanders were named as officers in a variety of New World companies and continued to press for their rights in Nova Scotia, their careers as colonial factors were over. When Sir William Alexander Sr. (he had been elevated to the peerage as earl of Stirling in 1633) died in 1640, he was close to bankruptcy.

Captain Charles Daniel, whose bold action on Cape Breton Island in 1629 had forestalled temporary British dominance in the region, was also short of money. He eventually parted with the Company of One Hundred Associates, but developed separate trading interests on Cape Breton Island, which he fostered through the 1630s. Thereafter, he served successfully in the French navy, and was eventually elevated to the nobility in recognition of his long years of service to the Crown. He died in 1661, no doubt safe in the knowledge that his actions on Cape Breton Island in 1629 had helped to save New France.

Andrew Nicholls was born and raised in Midland, Ontario. He is currently associate professor of history at the State University of New York, College at Buffalo.

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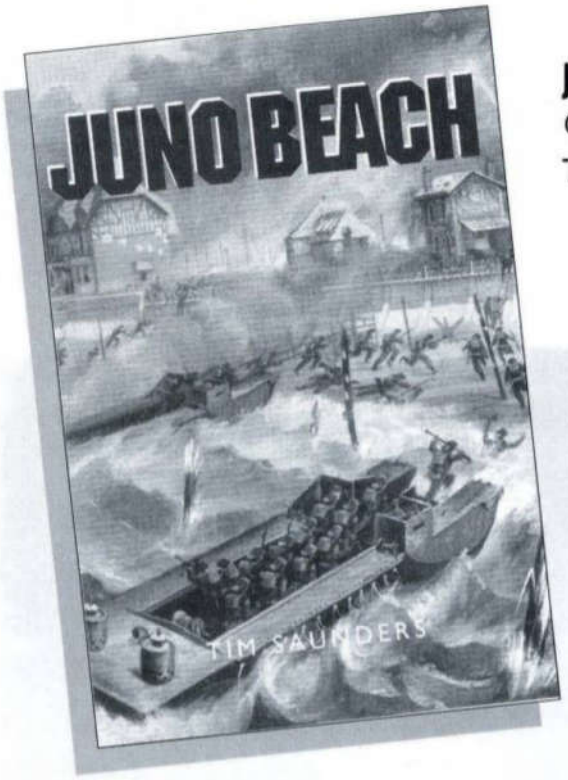

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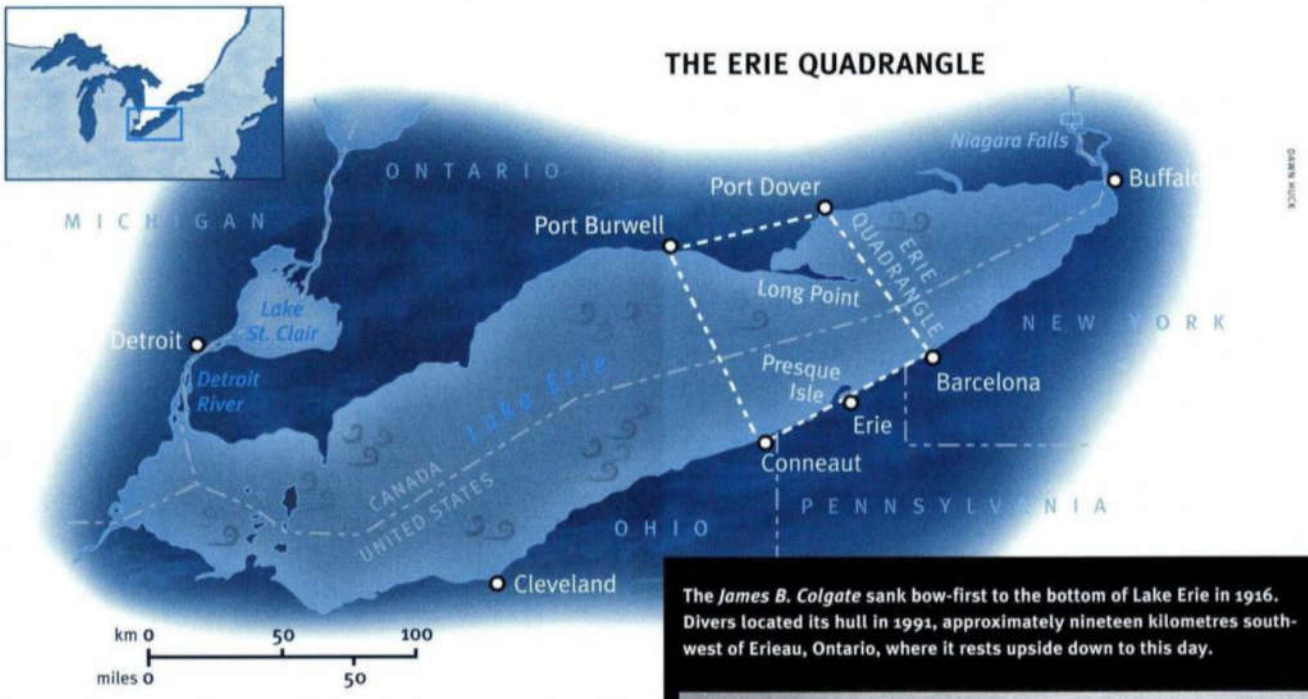
Dangerous

More deadly than the Bermuda Triangle, Lake Erie's Quadrangle has swallowed hundreds of ships and taken hundreds of lives. by Matt Jackson

It was shortly after midnight on the morning of October 20, 1916, when Captain Walter Grashaw cast the bow lines from his ship and chugged from behind the Buffalo breakwater onto the east end of Lake Erie. His freight vessel, the whaleback *James B. Colgate*, was bound for the Detroit River at the lake's west end with a full cargo of coal.



Strong winds were already whipping the lake into a froth, but Grashaw remained unimpressed. He believed his ship to be invincible. But dawn's first light would challenge this belief, revealing a grim picture: a wall of ten-metre waves crashing across the ship's bow, winds gusting down the lake at 130 kilometres per hour. As the *Colgate* prepared to enter a section of water that has since been dubbed the "Erie Quadrangle," Grashaw considered pulling behind Long Point, a narrow peninsula that sweeps thirty-two kilometres into Lake Erie, to wait out the storm. Unfortunately, the surf behind Long Point was so chaotic that dropping anchor would have been next to impossible. So he continued west instead, making slow and discouraging progress along the south shore of Long Point.

Not unlike the *Titanic*, the *Colgate*, built in 1892, was considered virtually unsinkable at the turn of the century. She did not have the typical high bow or square superstructure that most Great Lakes schooners, steamers, and barkentines had in those days. Rather, her whaleback design meant that she was long and muscular, and came equipped with a flat bottom and substantial keel. Sailors found these ships to be practically impervious to the waves and violent winds that rake the Great Lakes during autumn gales. All of these assumptions changed after the storm of October 1916.

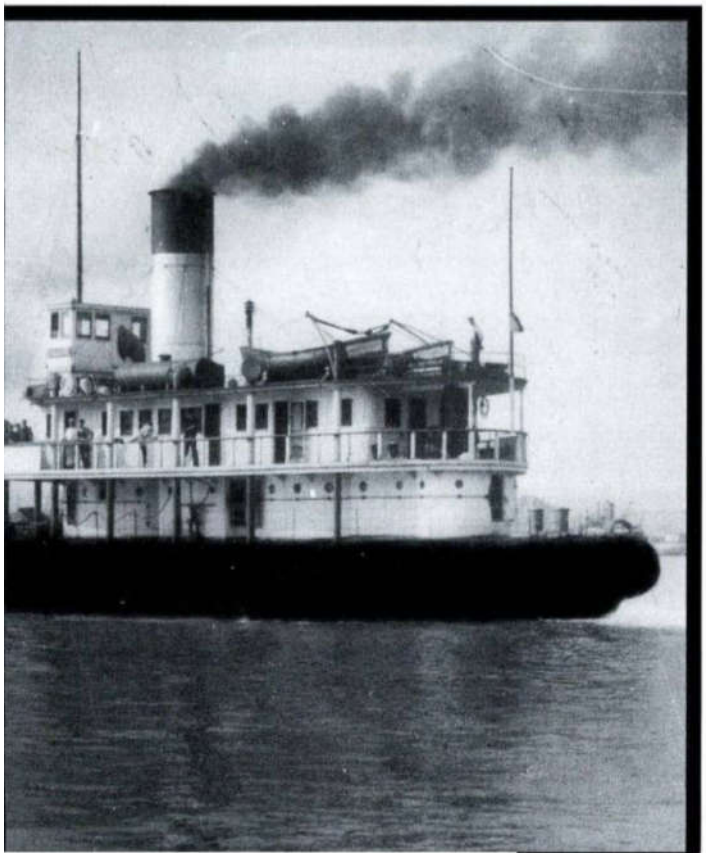
The *Colgate* was still struggling along the beaches south

The *James B. Colgate* sank bow-first to the bottom of Lake Erie in 1916. Divers located its hull in 1991, approximately nineteen kilometres southwest of Erieau, Ontario, where it rests upside down to this day.

Waters

of Long Point when darkness fell. Hurricane-force winds were by this time chewing into the *Colgate*'s hull, and by 7 P.M. she was listing dangerously sideways. Climbing onto the exposed bridge at 8 P.M., Grashaw was horrified to see hatch covers separating from the deck even as his ship buried her bow beneath the water's surface. At that moment, a monstrous wave lifted him from the bridge, and to his surprise landed him next to a life raft that had already been launched by three of his crew. The *Colgate* was on her own. All night the captain and his men battled the storm, capsizing twice, and by late Saturday, Grashaw was the only man alive. He was rescued by the car ferry *Marquette & Bessemer No. 2* on Sunday morning, thirty-six hours after last seeing the *Colgate*. Lake Erie had once again proved that no ship, not even the esteemed whaleback, was her master.

The *Colgate* was not the first ship, nor would it be the last, to sink within sight of Long Point's sandy beaches. Lake Erie has for some decades had a reputation among sailors for its ill temperament and navigational challenges, but the Long Point area is feared more than any other. While the thirty-six-thousand-square-kilometre Bermuda Triangle has accounted for 112 maritime disasters, the Erie Quadrangle has claimed nearly four times that number in a territory that is only about one-sixth the size. The Quadrangle forms a rough square that joins Ontario's Port Burwell and Port Dover with Conneaut, Ohio, and Barcelona, New York. Not surprisingly, waters like this have attracted the curiosities of more than a few shipwreck hunters. Some of these men have treasure on their minds; others simply want to relive the past.



One such man is Dave Stone, a former navy diver and amateur historian who has had a lasting love affair with Long Point. Stone's parents owned a cottage at nearby Turkey Point when he was a kid, and from there, Long Point's gravitational pull exerted itself with such persistence that Stone became permanently mesmerized by tales of pirates, violent storms, and shipwrecks. At the age of twelve, Stone pirated his father's small skiff and motored across thirteen kilometres of open water for his first walk along the beaches at Long Point, a piece of land aptly shaped somewhat like a reaper's sickle. "In those days [the 1930s], you could sail around the point and there were so many masts sticking out of the sandbars, it looked like a picket fence," he says.

While the Bermuda Triangle has accounted for 112 maritime disasters, the Erie Quadrangle has claimed nearly four times that number in a territory that is only about one-sixth the size.

After a stint as a navy diver during World War II, Stone and his wife purchased a cabin at Long Point. He started walking its beaches, and soon stumbled onto something that would change his life forever: the rib cage of an eighteenth-century schooner. Intrigued by what else might lay beneath Erie's tumultuous surface, he and several friends started spending long summer days in his boat, dragging a large iron hook along the lake's sandy bottom. Every time the group snagged something, they would put their dive gear on and swim down to see what it was. More often than not it was a large rock or some other natural obstacle, but every year they made one or two discoveries. It was enough to keep them coming back.

Stone has collected so many artifacts in the five decades following that first discovery that the Ontario government has funded a museum in Port Rowan to hold them all. While most of the artifacts are from unidentifiable wrecks, Stone has located the exact positions of several small schooners as well as three large passenger steamers. His most jubilant discoveries include a pair of ninety-metre vessels that lie just north of Long Point's southeastern tip: the *Siberia* was lost during a storm in 1905, and the *Pascal P. Pratt* caught fire and sank in 1908. He also chanced upon the exact location of the *Majestic*, an eighty-metre steamer that foundered in 1907 in thirty metres of water nineteen kilometres from his cottage patio.

Over the years the question that has most plagued Stone is why the Erie Quadrangle is so deadly. To unravel the mystery, Stone began combing newspaper archives and libraries on both sides of the border and studying the geology and

PHOTOS THIS PAGE: MATT JACKSON, SUMMIT STUDIOS

Clockwise, from top: Ribs from several foundered schooners decorate Stone's yard at Long Point, while buoys and other artifacts hang from the trees. Dave Stone's extensive collection of shipwreck memorabilia is housed in a Port Rowan museum. Shipwreck hunter Dave Stone stands beside an old anchor he found off the tip of Long Point in the late 1980s.

weather patterns of the lake. All of these pursuits proved tedious and time-consuming, but ultimately helped him to piece together why this stretch of water has taken so many ships and human lives. There's no one reason, of course, but rather a combination of reasons that include high traffic volume, lack of navigational aids, and the area's infamous pea-soup fog.

More interesting are Erie's powerful currents that act like a conveyor belt, whisking sand and debris from southwest to northeast at remarkable speeds. Further compounding the situation, the lake narrows between Long Point and Pennsylvania's Presque Isle, creating a vortex of wild currents and monstrous surf. Furthermore, at the northwest corner of the Quadrangle, there is a series of rock ledges that has blocked migrating sand and caused it to congregate in a run of shallow, shifting dunes parallel to Long Point. Many captains have been caught in the wind and flagellating currents, only to run aground on these elusively shifting sandbars.

The first ship to meet near disaster at Long Point was La Salle's *Griffon*, the Europeans' initial attempt to use a large sailing vessel on the Great Lakes. The expedition was a scheme to support La Salle's explorations and to establish an efficient method of transporting furs from the head of the lakes to Quebec. During the winter and spring of 1678 and 1679, La Salle and his men portaged all the necessary supplies around Niagara Falls to a place near Lake Erie where they built the ship. By August the small bark was ready for her maiden voyage, though what followed was a comedy of errors that ultimately led to her demise.

La Salle's first error occurred while trying to sail from the Niagara River into Lake Erie. Having badly miscalculated the speed of the current, he and his new ship narrowly escaped going over the falls. Next he faced the Quadrangle. Sailing west through thick fog, La Salle incorrectly presumed that he was out of danger since his ship was in the middle of the lake, more than thirty kilometres from shore. Yet at the east end of the Quadrangle, La Salle's navigator started reporting lead-line soundings of less than ten metres. La Salle doubt-

ed the navigator's claims, but ordered his crew to reduce speed and to proceed with caution nonetheless. Suddenly the fog parted and all eyes beheld for the first time the tip of Long Point directly in their path, approaching rapidly. It was all they could do to miss the jut of land, and they may well have run aground had La Salle not ordered the ship's speed reduced. The *Griffon* did eventually reach its destination at Green Bay, but on its return voyage disappeared and was never heard from again.

With the *Griffon*'s demise, demand for sailing ships on the Great Lakes ceased for more than a century, until bustling towns like Port Burwell and Dover Mills (now Port Dover) began emerging along Erie's shores. By the 1790s a few enterprising men, seeing the opportunity to turn a profit, started building small schooners and sloops from the rich ancient forests bordering the lake. Good building materials were so plentiful that a woodsman could fell a tree and build the ship right on the spot, using hardwood trees such as oak to build the keel and ribs, while softwood lumber was used for planking.

By 1800 there were five sailing vessels shuttling trade goods between Erie's port towns, and as tensions between the Americans and British grew before the War of 1812, there began a build-up of large military square-riggers on the lake. After the war these vessels were retrofitted for trade, and a golden age of sail on Lake Erie blossomed for several decades. The major problem with sailing vessels was that, because of the strong winds and currents funnelling up the lake, schooners and barks had to tack hard from one side of the lake to the other to make any progress. This made them less maneuverable, and many schooners were driven by these merciless gales into the shallows near Long Point.

The steamships came next, the first one a forty-metre hybrid steamer with two masts called the *Walk in the Water*, which was launched from Black Rock, New York, in 1818. By the 1850s steamers had started eclipsing the schooners for ease of navigation on Erie's tricky currents. Not having to depend on the wind, steamers were able to keep a regular schedule, and for that reason started playing a major role in the distribution of settlers across the continent. Indeed, there was soon more boat traffic on Erie than on any other body of water in the world. The only problem with the steamers was their boiler rooms, which had a habit of exploding or catching fire. Once a fire started it was often impossible to put out: boats were wooden and had little in the way of firefighting equipment.

The modern industrial age, of course, has brought with it increasingly large and efficient vessels plying Erie's waters, and it's safe to say that after the 1940s, sinkings were rare events. Still, every few years Lake Erie reminds sailors that she can be brutally unforgiving. Most recently, a fishing tug named the *Captain K* sank in 1991 after being rammed by a Canadian coast-guard vessel in pea-soup fog just off Long Point.

To this day Stone wanders Long Point's beaches, fascinated by the vicious mood swings that Lake Erie is still capable of. On stormy days he sits in his cottage and remembers the *Captain K*, the *Colgate*, and many others like them. He pities the sailors who went down with their ships. The Erie Quadrangle has certainly claimed its fair share of ships and human lives, and Stone is forever grateful that he and his boat were never among them.

Matt Jackson is a Calgary-based journalist who contributes frequently to The *Beaver*. *The Canada Chronicles*, his book about a four-year hitchhiking journey across the country, was published this spring by Summit Studios.

ET CETERA

***Waters of Repose: The Lake Erie Quadrangle* by Dave Stone and David Frew. Erie County Historical Society, Erie, Pennsylvania, 1993.**

***Sailor's Warning: The Ghost Fleet of Long Point* (2001) is a documentary film about Dave Stone and the history of shipwrecks off Long Point. It is available through Impact Productions at a cost of $19.00. E-mail <impactproductions@sympatico.ca>.**

GLENBOW ARCHIVES / NA 1262 - 3

Filumena (a.k.a. Florence) Losandro at her arrest in 1922. Born in Italy in 1900, at fifteen she was a bride living in Blairmore, Alberta, in the house of her husband's boss, a Crowsnest Pass rumrunner.

The Lady & the Bootlegger

by Ann Chandler

Was Filumena Losandro, the last woman in Canada ever hanged for murder, an innocent caught up in tragic circumstances? Or did she really fire the shot that killed an Alberta policeman?

On May 2, 1923, as the gray light of dawn broke the eastern prairie sky, the slim figure of a young girl flanked by two men could be seen walking forlornly across an open courtyard. Twenty-two-year-old Filumena Losandro had refused breakfast. What she asked for was a bouquet of lilies, but she was hardly in a position to negotiate. What she got was a shot of booze laced with morphine to dull the gruesome reality that faced her. The slender, dark-haired girl climbed the eighteen steps to the gallows. It wasn't supposed to end like this, she thought.

Born in Italy in 1900, Filumena immigrated to Canada with her family when she was nine. Like other immigrants in the early 1900s, Filumena's parents sought a better life in Canada. Adopting the English name Florence, Filumena saw this new world as magical, a place where opportunities were endless. But it wasn't that easy to slip the bonds of old Italian customs; immigrants brought their old ways to the new country. When her parents pushed her into a loveless arranged marriage at fifteen, Filumena thought her future might be slipping away.

Her new husband, many years her senior, was the slightly built Charles Losandro, an accomplice in the illegal rumrunning activities of the well-known Emilio "Emperor Pic" Picariello, known as "King of the Crowsnest Pass." It wasn't long before she became entangled in her husband's illicit underground activities, caught up in a world of flashy cars and beautiful clothes.

A Sicilian by birth, Emilio Picariello arrived in eastern Canada with little to his name but a resourceful nature and the willingness to work hard. Making his way west to British Columbia in 1911 with his wife Maria, the thirty-two-year-old first settled in Fernie, opened a small business, and raised a family of seven. The stocky man with the dark mous-

Alberta Provincial Police barrier set up at Blairmore, Alberta.

tache soon became a successful businessman, affording his family a comfortable existence. A leading figure in the Crowsnest Pass area, he moved his family to Blairmore, Alberta, where he purchased the Alberta Hotel and a garage, and ran successfully for local politics, becoming a member of the town council.

From 1916 to 1924 the Prairie provinces were plunged into a drought of a different sort, when provincial governments established restrictions on the sale and consumption of liquor, making bootlegging across the British Columbia border into Alberta a lucrative proposition. Recognizing a golden opportunity, Picariello was not averse to taking advantage of his strategic location in the Crowsnest Pass. Ownership of the hotel and garage provided a legitimate camouflage for his illegal activities. Legal permission to serve the weak temperance beer afforded a convenient disguise for the stronger stuff, and thirsty patrons bellying up to the bar could ask for, and receive, a stiffer drink. Disappearing shelves and secret cupboards absconded with the evidence when strategically placed spotters signalled the arrival of the law.

A jovial and flamboyant family man who was known to be generous to the needy, the Emperor elicited mixed opinions from folks in the area. Those who chose to do so turned a blind eye to the source of his fortune and preferred to view him as a kind, benevolent man, a sort of Robin Hood, but police saw him as a cunning lawbreaker flaunting his ill-gotten gains. To the Women's Christian Temperance Union, he was a source of the evil that was corrupting men and disrupting family life.

Picariello was fond of the large, sleek McLaughlin-Buick cars favoured by bootleggers for their speed and spacious interiors, and he owned several. He and his employees, which included his eldest son, Steve, could nonchalantly cruise their laden black steeds into the family-owned garage and emerge smug and empty-handed, having delivered their cargo to the hotel via an underground tunnel. While local police were certain that Picariello's ostentatious black motor vehicles rumbling through town, convoy-style, were loaded with illicit cargo, they had yet to catch him red-handed. Under constant scrutiny by the law, he chose his employees carefully, demanding respect and loyalty. He loved to play cat and mouse with the police, openly taunting them and boasting when he won.

And so it was into this situation, in the year of 1915, that Charles Losandro brought his fifteen-year-old bride.

Filumena moved into the Picariello house with her new husband, ostensibly to work as a nanny and housemaid. She did not share her husband's bedroom, but reportedly slept with the children. She took to riding in Picariello's fancy black cars and was often seen accompanying the senior Picariello or young Steve. News reports would later speculate: was she romantically involved with either–or maybe both?

Filumena saw in the Picariellos the realization of the immigrant dream of prosperity, a chance to control her own destiny. Publicly, women were forging new identities, a new sense of authority never felt before. World War I had propelled many women into the work force, and, proud of their new independence, they decided to stay. Nellie McClung and others were championing the suffragette movement. For the first time women were allowed to vote, and Canada had its first woman in the House of Commons. No longer were they playing the role of the sheltered female.

Filumena saw an open door–one that tragically closed on September 21, 1922.

[Picariello] was furious, claiming, "If he has shot my boy, I will kill him tonight, by God!"

Six months previously, Steven Lawson, a constable with the Alberta Provincial Police, had taken up his post in the nearby Crowsnest Pass town of Coleman, Alberta. Together with his wife Maggie and their five children, he occupied the living quarters attached to the small barracks. An Englishman by birth, the five-foot-seven, sandy-haired Lawson had previously served as chief of the Fort Macleod police, and police chief of Fernie before joining the APP. A war veteran who had served in France with the Fort Garry Horse, Lawson was well liked and respected by both public and peers.

By the beginning of the second decade, bootlegging in the rough-and-tumble pass was rapidly getting out of hand, becoming a major threat to public safety and a serious concern to law-enforcement officials. In 1920 two Alberta police constables and one from the RCMP were tragically killed attempting to apprehend three robbers who held up a train, knowing Picariello was on board. Notorious for carrying large amounts of cash, the bootlegger managed to outwit the bandits by concealing his roll of cash beneath the seat cushions, leaving the frustrated thieves with a measly $400 and a few watches. Fuelled by this tragic incident, police were more determined than ever to wipe out the local bootlegging industry.

Thus, when police got news that a shipment of the clandestine cargo was destined for Blairmore, they were ready and waiting.

When the sun cast its long shadows on September 21, three gleaming McLaughlin-Buicks rolled down Blairmore's main street on their return trip from B.C., one of them, driven by young Steve, laden with the fruits of their trade. While Steve drove to the back of his father's hotel, Sergeant Scott of the APP approached the senior Picariello, who was in the second car, with a warrant to search the hotel premises. Sensing another stimulating game with the local police, Picariello honked a warning to his son, who immediately punched his gas pedal, careened around the corner of the block, and sped down Main Street, heading west toward British Columbia. Police immediately gave chase. But the senior Picariello was already on the road, blocking any opportunity to overtake the fleeing car. Sensing the hopelessness of the chase, Scott stopped and called ahead to Constable Lawson to intercept the car as it sped through Coleman. It was sometime after four.

Close by, in Coleman, Lawson was ready. As the large McLaughlin raced through town, Lawson fired two shots. Although claiming he fired into the air, one of Lawson's shots allegedly wounded the young driver in the hand, but failed to stop him as he fled to the B.C. border. (It was rumoured that the hand injury was, in fact, a result of jamming his fingers in the car door in his haste to escape.) Constable Lawson and Chief Houghton of the Blairmore Police were in hot pursuit, but lacking the authority to arrest anyone outside the provincial boundaries, lost their suspect when he escaped across the border.

News of the shooting and police chase ricocheted around the small communities in the pass. What drifted back to Picariello's ears was that his son had been shot; he did not know how seriously. He was furious, claiming, "If he has shot my boy, I will kill him tonight, by God!" Seeking revenge, he returned home to grab a gun and set off for Coleman, looking for Steven Lawson. Filumena joined him.

Pulling up in front of the small police barracks, Picariello called for Lawson. Inside, Lawson had just unloaded his gun and placed it in the drawer. "There's a man and a lady in a red tam in a car outside, Daddy," his nine-year-old daughter told him. Approaching the car, the constable leaned on the running board.

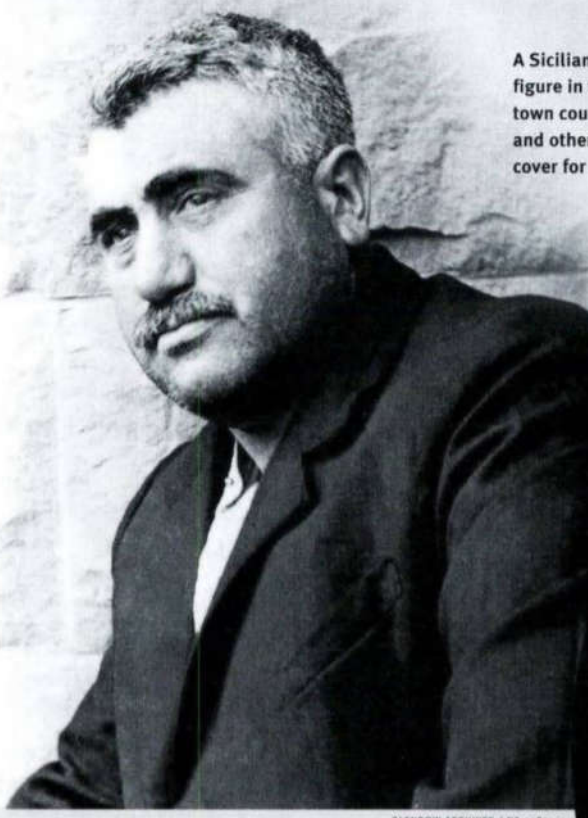
What followed would be related in numerous different versions in the years to follow. The two men struggled, shots were fired, and as Lawson turned to reenter the barracks, he was felled by a single shot in the back. The pair drove away, past numerous witnesses, including Lawson's thirteen-year-old daughter. The helpless officer lay bleeding in the dirt, as his wife rushed out to hold him.

A massive manhunt ensued. Extra police recruits and tracking dogs were called in from surrounding areas to scour the hills, searching for the couple. The two fugitives spent the night shivering and dazed in a small cabin. "What happened?" asked Filumena. "I don't know," Picariello answered wearily. The next day the exhausted Picariello was found climbing the hill behind the cabin, and apprehended without incident by RCMP officers.

A reportedly giddy and lighthearted Filumena was arrested by Sergeant Scott at the home of Picariello's friend, Mrs. Gibeau. "He's dead, and I'm alive, and that's all there is to it," she reportedly told the arresting officer. Seemingly unconcerned about the seriousness of her situation, Filumena calmly directed police to the gun's hiding place. She confessed to having fired the fatal shot, although no one took a written statement. Police retrieved a loaded .38-calibre handgun containing five unspent cartridges from inside Mrs. Gibeau's couch and unspent .38 cartridges from Filumena's coat pocket.

On the first day of the standing-room-only preliminary hearing, a confident Filumena, smartly dressed and chewing gum, was smoothing her bobbed hair and waving to friends, but broke down and sobbed as her husband detailed the circumstances of their marriage in Fernie. Lawson's widow wept uncontrollably as she recounted her husband's tragic death in front of their children. The judge committed the pair for trial on charges of first-degree murder.

After the exclusion of several potential jurors for sundry excuses such as deafness, abscessed teeth, and being a man of the cloth, the trial opened to frenzied public interest on November 27, 1922. The prosecution's star witness was Pearl Lawson, nine-year-old daughter of the deceased. As her tiny



A Sicilian immigrant, Emilio Picariello (left) became a leading figure in the Crowsnest Pass area of Alberta, where he was a town councillor and the owner of businesses, both legitimate and otherwise. The former, a hotel and garage, provided a cover for his bootlegging operations.

The victim (below): Steven Lawson, a constable with the Alberta Provincial Police, felled by a single shot in the back, September 21, 1922.

GLENBOW ARCHIVES / NA 3282 – 1

GLENBOW ARCHIVES / NA 3537 – 1

The young Filumena seemed a helpless pawn, a woman unwittingly caught up in tragic circumstances.

voice filled the courtroom, recounting her child's-view version in front of teary-eyed spectators, even the defendants dabbed at their eyes. Under grueling cross-examination by the defence, the young girl held steadfastly to her story. She insisted she saw the man fire one shot, and the woman fire two shots at her father, but conceded she did not actually see who fired the last shot when her father fell.

According to pathology reports, Constable Lawson's body exhibited only one wound, caused by a .32-calibre bullet entering his upper back. Four spent .32 cartridges were found, two inside the car, and two outside, collaborating reports by witnesses that four shots had been heard.

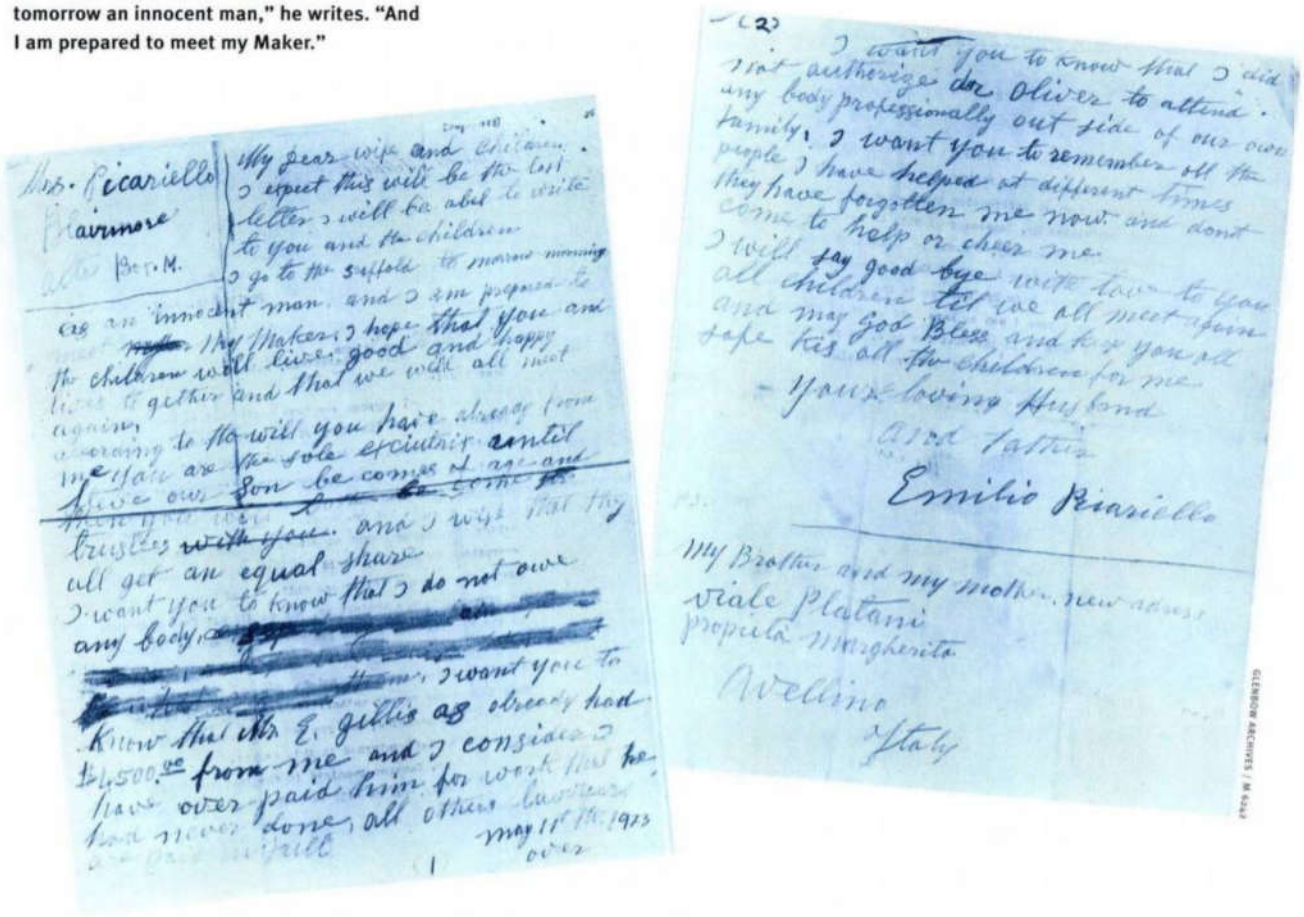
But the only gun produced in court was the .38 obtained from Filumena. The missing .32 that fired the fatal shot was never produced.

In Filumena's initial statement to police she claimed to have scrambled onto the seat after the first two shots, one grazing her leg, were fired into the car. She responded, she said, by firing two shots into the constable's stomach, causing him to fall backwards off the running board. She insisted that she, not Picariello, had shot and killed Constable Lawson, denying that Picariello had a gun and suggesting that the other two shots had come from somewhere in the alley.

Public sentiment was intense. Picariello, despite his shady dealings, was a prominent member of the community, with a fairly lofty social status. Lawson had been well liked. The young Filumena seemed a helpless pawn, a woman unwittingly caught up in tragic circumstances. Some believed she confessed to protect Picariello, believing that as a woman she would never face the death penalty. If that had been her plan, it sadly backfired when, on December 2, 1922, following an emotional and controversial trial, both defendants were found guilty and sentenced to be hanged on February 21, 1923. They were taken to the Fort Saskatchewan jail to await their fate.

The sentence brought howls of protest from the Canadian Prisoners' Welfare Association who pushed the minister of justice for a reprieve for Filumena, amidst pleas and protests

Emilio Picariello's last letter to his wife and children, May 1, 1923. "I go to the scaffold tomorrow an innocent man," he writes. "And I am prepared to meet my Maker."



from groups of working women. Not everyone shared the same views, however; resentful members of the public felt the traitorous immigrant was getting exactly what she deserved. While the patriarchal view of the justice system had commuted the death sentences of convicted women in the past, the new wave of women's equality coursing through the country made some question the wisdom of this special treatment for the fairer sex. Only four out of twenty-two women convicted of murder had been put to death in Canada since Confederation; the last had taken place in 1899.

Wavering, the justice minister postponed the hanging until May 2. The controversy continued and was debated over dinners, at afternoon teas, and by patrons in the bars.

Meanwhile Picariello and Filumena languished in the Fort Saskatchewan jail, becoming desperate as the new hanging date approached. Picariello wrote letters home to his family professing his innocence.

When it became more and more apparent that public sentiment for her gender was not going to help her, Filumena issued a written statement to Father Fidelis, the Catholic priest, confirming something she had told him in confidence two months previously. She had, she said, only taken the blame because Picariello had told her to, told her that as a woman she would never hang, that he would use his influence to get her out. Naively, she had believed him. Ironically, the ideology of the women's movement, so instrumental in the establishment of Prohibition, was not working in Filumena's favour. When Filumena's statement was put before cabinet on May 1, a hoped-for last-minute reprieve was denied.

Led to the gallows by prison officials just after six o'clock the next morning Filumena pleaded with the crowd, "Why are you hanging me when I did not do anything? Is there anyone here that has any pity?"

Requests by the families to have the bodies returned and buried in a private ceremony were denied, and they were interred by prison officials in unmarked graves at the Fort Saskatchewan site. ◫

Ann Chandler is a writer and anthropologist living in New Westminster, B.C.

Et Cetera

The Bootlegger's Bride **by Jock Carpenter. Gorman & Gorman, Hanna, Alberta, 1993.**

Booze **by James H. Gray. Macmillan of Canada, Toronto, 1972.**

Canadian Women and Capital Punishment 1754–1953 **by F. Murray Greenwood and Beverley Boissery, Dundurn Press, Toronto, 2000.**

Filumena**, an opera by John Murrell, premiered at the Calgary Opera in 2003.**

OLD LABRADOR

Each of these excellent books deals with roughly the same area – northern Newfoundland and coastal Labrador – and though they are very different works, they do provide three perspectives on the region's history.

The most comprehensive in terms of its time span is Carol Brice-Bennett's scholarly, yet concise and readable, *Hopedale: Three Ages of a Community in Northern Labrador*. The first section of this book describes traditional Inuit life, early contact with Europeans, and the archaeological record. Then Brice-Bennett turns to the Moravians, the first Christian missionaries to the Inuit. Founded as Hoffenthal in 1728, it was their third Labrador mission station.

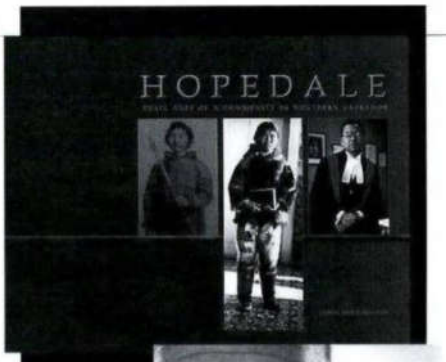
Moravian Labrador was a unique culture. German, and later some English missionary families, spent lifetimes on the coast. Eventually, all Inuit joined Moravian congregations, learning to read and write in Inuktitut, to play and sing in church bands, orchestras, and choirs, and to shape their economic lives around the dictates of the mission trading stores and the Christmas and Easter festivals. The congregation at Hoffenthal came to include European settlers who also had to conform to Moravian regulations. During the twentieth century, the Moravian ascendancy gradually eroded, isolation ended, and a very different community emerged. That transition is the subject of the book's final section.

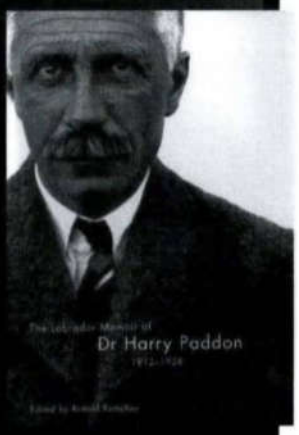
Dr. Harry Paddon, who worked in central Labrador between 1912 and 1939, was an employee of the Grenfell Mission, based at North West River in central Labrador. Though he had contact with the Moravians, whom he liked and respected, his primary concern was with the mixed-race population of Lake Melville and southern Labrador, known today as the Labrador Métis. He was also a different sort of missionary, as his memoir makes clear. Though Paddon was a dedicated Christian from an evangelical background, and apparently shared Wilfred Grenfell's views on Christian responsibility, *The Labrador Memoir of Dr. Harry Paddon* is silent on theological issues. Paddon, it seems, was content to preach by example – by dedicated medical service and by doing all he could to promote the future of Labrador, in whose people and natural resources he had great faith.

The memoir is a guarded document based on letters sent to his family in England for circulation and on articles written for Grenfell Mission publications. These were public items written for specific audiences, and Paddon's personal life rarely intrudes. We learn nothing about his marriage, his children, or everyday life at his hospitals. There are hints of disagreements with the Grenfell Mission hierarchy, of divergent views on dietary reform, of his frustrations with the Newfoundland government, of his dislike of fundraising tours. But overall, the memoir tends to *describe* Paddon's Labrador experience, rather than to *analyze* it.

Ronald Rompkey, Paddon's expert and meticulous editor, rightly warns the reader not to confuse a memoir with an autobiography, and emphasizes that the self-effacing Paddon was not writing about himself, but about Labrador – about his patients, his professional life, and his journeys by dog team and boat. There are striking passages about the impact of the Great War, the Spanish Flu epidemic, his fight against tuberculosis, and frontier medicine. At the end, he expresses his fears for the future of his beloved Labrador. This was just before Paddon's premature death in 1939. Had he lived longer, he would have experienced the sudden transformation brought about by the construction of the giant military air base at Goose Bay. It was the end of the "old Labrador" portrayed in this book, and he would have found that difficult to tolerate. But he would have supported confederation with Canada, which occurred in 1949.

That was the year of Elmer Harp's first expedition. He conducted an archaeological survey on both sides of the Strait of Belle Isle, and then began to dig at Port au Choix,

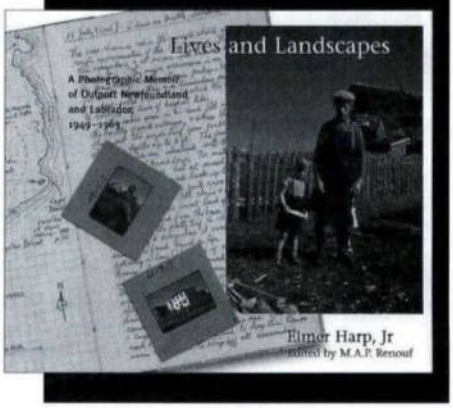




Hopedale: Three Ages of a Community in Northern Labrador
by Carol Brice-Bennett
Historic Sites Association of Newfoundland and Labrador, St. John's, 1993
143 pp., illus., $27.95

The Labrador Memoir of Dr. Harry Paddon, 1912–1938
edited by Ronald Rompkey
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal and Kingston, 2003
304 pp., illus., $44.95

Lives and Landscapes: A Photographic Memoir of Outport Newfoundland and Labrador, 1949–1963
by Elmer Harp, Jr.
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal and Kingston, 2003
266 pp., illus., $39.95



where a Dorset Eskimo site had been first identified in 1929. His photographic memoir of that and four subsequent field trips provides a splendid window onto outport Newfoundland in the early years of Confederation. *Lives and Landscapes* is a well-made book, and Harp's colour photos are beautifully reproduced. He does not tell us much about his archaeology, but the images are memorable, and the text provides an engaging account of his experiences and of some of the changes that occurred in the 1950s and early 1960s. In 1949, for instance, Harp had to travel by boat; in the 1960s, he could drive to Port au Choix and on to St. Anthony.

Harp's editor was Priscilla Renouf, herself an archaeologist with extensive experience at Port au Choix. In her introduction, a succinct and sympathetic overview of outport culture, Renouf argues that the surviving communities on the Northern Peninsula are in some ways "much the same as when Harp visited them." But the rural Newfoundland economy is very much more fragile and more threatened than in Harp's time; this is also true of Hopedale and of Paddon's central Labrador. It is hard to know what the future may hold for those who still live on these coasts, where Europe and North America first met. But these books at least provide a record of what, in the past, was attempted and achieved.

Reviewed by **James K. Hiller**, a professor of history at Memorial University.

STEP MASTER

The Trans-Canada Highway is the longest highway in the world, stretching a remarkable 7,821 kilometres from Victor-

ia, B.C., to St. John's, Newfoundland. More than that, it's also a connector of lives and stories. As a journalist who has crossed Canada countless times by bus, car, and hitchhiking, I have witnessed firsthand the breadth and diversity of these lives and stories.

"The unique thing about the highway is that it pulls everyone together," says monk Bhaktimarga Swami at the beginning of a documentary recently released by the National Film Board of Canada and Interstate 80 Entertainment. *The Longest Road* was directed by Kevin Alexander of Calgary, who via the TCH follows Bhaktimarga Swami on his 215-day foot journey across the country. Through the entire film, Bhaktimarga Swami's journey is the thread that ties together the collective narrative of our national highway.

The film is an eclectic mix of people profiles, road philosophy, sound bites, and historical vignettes about the Trans-Canada. There are stories about highway engineers, police officers, bus drivers, hitchhikers, and restaurant managers, all in some way tied to "Can-

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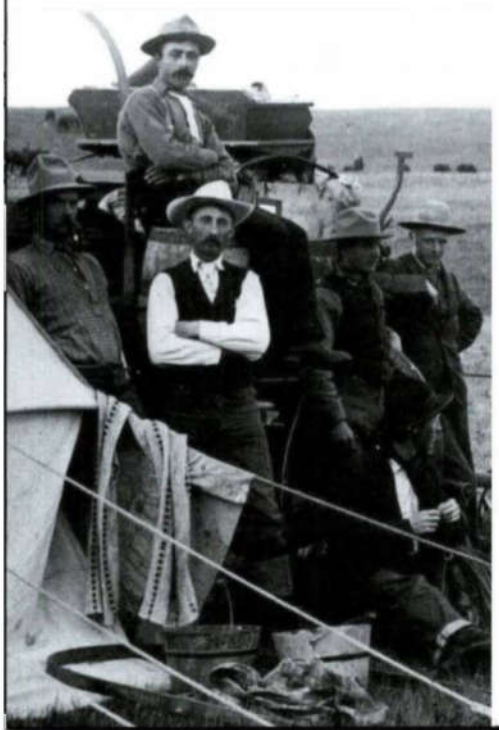

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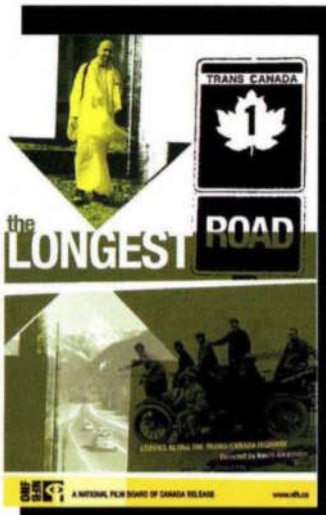

The Longest Road
Produced by David Schultz, Graydon McCrea, and Bonnie Thompson
Directed by Kevin Alexander
(70 minutes), VHS format
Distributed by the National Film Board of Canada, 2003
$19.95

ada's Main Street," currently or historically. The film delves into the stories of Canadian heroes like Terry Fox, as well as everyday Canadians like Dennis and Eleanor Culver, who in the 1950s bought a Mercedes Benz touring bus and set out on a highway adventure with their nine children, driving from Vancouver to Halifax and back again.

From a historical perspective, the film also entertainingly recounts the first crossing of Canada by automobile, fully five decades before the Trans-Canada Highway existed. British writer Thomas Wilby and his chauffeur Jack Haney left Halifax in August 1912 in an old REO touring car, bound for Vancouver. In those days there were a lot of places without roads, so the pair were forced to carry a block and tackle with a winch to pull them through the most difficult spots.

The film also describes the monumental task of building the Trans-Canada, which proved particularly challenging through the western mountains and northern Ontario. Alexander captures poignant vignettes from highway engineers who remember toiling through bottomless muskeg, dynamiting rock from the sides of mountains, and surveying Roger's Pass under three metres of snow. "To be the first in there to build a highway like the

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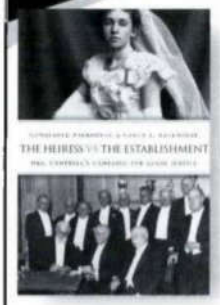
THOUGHT THAT COUNTS



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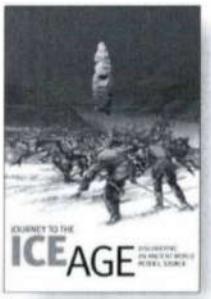

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In Search of Evangeline
Fable trumps fact in the romantic tale of the Acadian heroine.
BY ANDRÉ PELCHAT

Trans-Canada was like a hockey player winning the Stanley Cup," says engineer Tom Matheson. "It felt really good."

While the film's major theme celebrates our national highway and its people, Alexander also shows how the Trans-Canada has contributed to the demise of many Canadian communities. Improvements to the highway have, for example, "turned the prairies into a ghost town," says author Robert Kroetsch. The same goes for many of the small service centres that were once dotted along our national highway.

If there is one way the film could have been strengthened – albeit marginally – it's if we actually saw Bhakti-marga Swami interacting with some of the people strung along the TCH. He makes much in his initial dialogue of meeting people on his foot sojourn (and mentions how the highway links people's lives together), yet we never see him interact with anyone. Not once. Doing so would have further tied his personal journey to the major theme of the film.

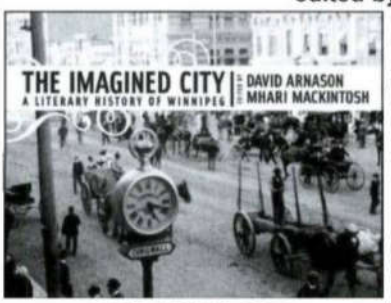
But my complaint is minor. *The Longest Road* is an entertaining film. As John Ralston Saul says at one point: "Canadians absolutely love getting into their cars and moving across their country." So don't be surprised if the film dredges up some powerful nostalgia for the open road, to the point where you consider quitting your job and start organizing a road trip. It certainly did for me.

Reviewed by **Matt Jackson**, a Calgary writer and photojournalist whose four summers hitchhiking the country is recounted in *The Canada Chronicles*, published this spring.

Much more than the meeting of two rivers.

The Imagined City: A Literary History of Winnipeg

edited by David Arnason & Mhari Mackintosh



From Louis Riel to Marshall MacLuhan; from Wellington Crescent to Transcona, David Arnason and Mhari Mackintosh trace the literary history of Winnipeg from the Red River Settlement through two World Wars, the 1919 General Strike, and the Great Depression examining through excerpts and criticism the significant works, people and places along the way.

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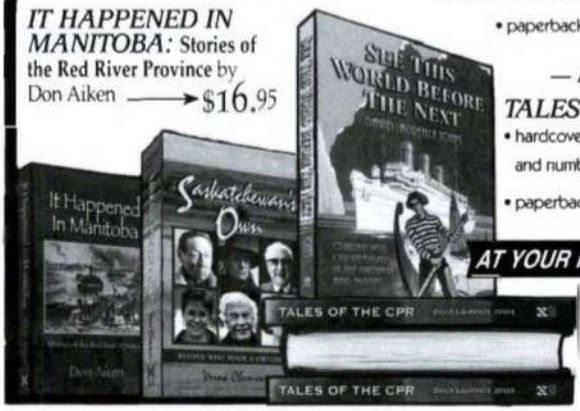

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MORE BOOKS / D-DAY

Juno: Canadians at D-Day, June 6, 1944. By Ted Barris

Author and broadcaster Ted Barris, who has lately written a popular account of Canadians in Korea on the fiftieth anniversary of that conflict, now turns to the diamond anniversary of World War II's most fateful day – the Allied invasion of Normandy and the 15,000-man Canadian contribution at Juno Beach, the code name for the piece of ground defended by heavily armed German troops. Based on extensive interviews, Barris has made D-Day veterans themselves the centre of his book, recounting through their eyes the battle minute-by-minute through the few, but excruciating, hours that turned the tide of war. The result is as satisfactorily cinematic as prose can be, but like much cinema more focused on spectacle than analysis. Still, there is sufficient contextual detail interwoven to keep readers, most of whom now have few memories of the war, from losing their way.

Thomas Allen Publishers, Toronto, 2004. 311 pp., $34.95 hardcover

Juno Beach: Canada in World War II. By Pierre Landry, Jack MacFadden, and Angus Scully

A book, a CD-ROM, a website, this multimedia package takes Juno Beach as its jumping-off point to examine all of World War II, its causes and its aftermath. The ninety-one-page book is full of archival photographs, the CD builds on that with yet more photos and beguiling interactive displays, while the website <www.junobeach.org> rounds things out with richer detail. It's World War II lite, but for all that, useful in an educational way.

Penguin Canada, Toronto, 2003. 311 pp., CD-ROM included, $34.95 hardcover

Juno Beach, Canada's D-Day Victory: June 6, 1944. By Mark Zuehlke

Fresh off a three-book look at Canadian contributions on the Italian front, Victoria author Mark Zuehlke heads for the beaches of Normandy to give us his take on history's largest amphibious invasion. Zuehlke smartly combines the scholarly and the personal, drawing on military records, veterans' accounts, and diaries, to give us the most satisfying and readable of the current crop of chronicles of Canada's involvement in the great armada – and the first in a planned series about Canadians in the Normandy campaign. Zuehlke argues that Canadian soldiers, unlike their Allied counterparts, had a unique combination of independent spirit and sense of community that served victory at Juno Beach. He counters the notion that Canadian performance was disappointing because the ambitious June 6 objectives weren't met: Canadians landed last but finished the day ahead of the Americans and British. On that grey beach, he writes, Canada was David alongside Britain and America's Goliath and thereby overshadowed in collective Allied memory and in published account. This book serves to remedy that failing.

Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver, 2004. 402 pp., $35.00 hardcover

D-Day: Juno Beach, Canada's 24 Hours of Destiny. By Lance Goddard

A clock runs through this oral-history companion piece to the documentary of the same name scheduled to run on Prime TV this June 6. Readers follow a group of thirty-three veteran soldiers and airmen chosen by filmmaker Lance Goddard as they recall the fateful day hour by hour, from the Channel crossing early morning at 0000 to the tenuous foothold on France's shore at 2400. It's an impressionistic accounting, but all the more tangible for being so. The recollections are intense, rich in detail, unexpectedly humorous, and the veterans themselves are, as you might expect, modest to a fault.

The Dundurn Group, Toronto, 2004. 256 pp., $29.99 paper

Juno Beach: Canadian 3rd Canadian & 79th Armoured Divisions. By Tim Saunders

The British author, a serving soldier who had written numerous battleground histories, presents and exhaustive and scholarly accounting of D-day, its prelude, including lessons drawn from the Canadian disaster at Dieppe two years earlier, and the post-battle advance inland. The text is leavened by diary and interview accounts; meticulous maps and diagrams aid the military-knowledge impaired: and there's even a detailed point-by-point tour of the Juno area in the last chapter for the armchair traveller.

McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal & Kingston, 2004. 192 pp., $22.95 paper

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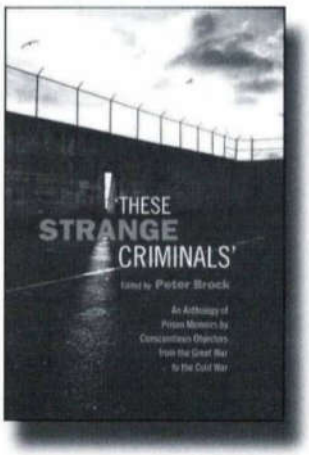

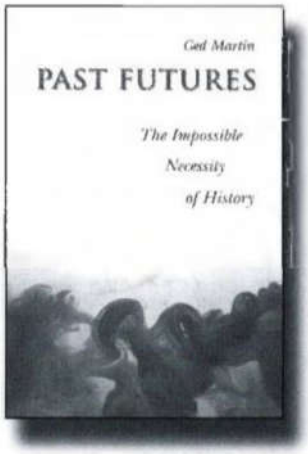

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Christopher Moore

Museums and Dollars

Culture and heritage issues were not big items in the federal budget last March. John McAvity, executive director of the Canadian Museums Association, said he could find only one cause of satisfaction in it: the Martin government "has agreed to definitively cancel the $125 million Canada History Centre that was planned for Ottawa."

The top lobbyist for Canadian museums is *pleased* to see a new museum killed off? Meanwhile, the auditor general of Canada reports that "more than two-thirds of Canada's historic sites [under federal authority] are in poor to fair condition." Sheila Fraser told Parliament that the governments' heritage agencies "can hardly meet their mandate." Has the feds' bean-counter-in-chief become the leader of a crusade for spending on heritage?

Something strange is afoot in the museum world.

John Jennings knows the strangeness of trying to run museums these days. He's a veteran board member of a brilliant idea known as the Canadian Canoe Museum in Peterborough, Ontario. The museum sees in the canoe the whole Canadian national project: a vessel that seems fragile and unstable at one moment, yet becomes sturdy and effective with good handling and always adapts to local conditions. Look at canoes, and you look at aboriginal history, at the political economy of the country and its varying regional styles, at craftsmanship, at our notions of leisure, wilderness, of the country itself.

The Canoe Museum began small, but its collection grew in size and quality, and visitorship rose, and the curators' ambitions expanded. They saw a national centre of canoe lore. They secured support from foundations all over the country, and they planned an Arthur Erickson building to house it all.

But big ambitions require big dollars. Just on the upswing of the museum's ambitions, the stock market crash of 2001 cut deeply into foundation support. And suddenly 9/11, SARS, and terrorism fears slashed visitorship in half. "The Americans, they just haven't been coming," says Jennings, "and we used to have huge numbers." Operating revenues plunged. Suddenly the Canoe Museum was spiralling into debt. Last October it shut its doors, apparently just another out-of-business piece of the national heritage. The Dunlop Gallery in Regina closed too, and while the Art Gallery of Ontario plans a new building by architect Frank Gehry, it has closed its Canadian galleries indefinitely.

It is the very richness of the museum network we have that has put such a strain upon the budgets needed to go on operating them.

"I was one of those who had to celebrate the cancellation of the Canada History Centre," says Jennings. "Museums are having a horrible time, and to see another huge commitment to that black hole in Ottawa."

At the Ontario Museum Association in Toronto, Marie Lalonde has numbers to back up what Jennings knows from bitter experience. She too locates the crisis in operating budgets. Public funding for museums, 77 percent of museum revenues just five years ago, is now only 63 percent. Revenues from visitors and sales have more than doubled, as museums make heroic efforts to find every available dollar, but it doesn't make up the difference.

Lalonde understands the doubts about the big new Ottawa museum. "Capital projects for new museums are good, but we have to pay for what is inside them. We have to recognize the public investment we have *already* made." She points to the economic case. "When people travel, they don't just come to stay in a hotel. They want to shop first, and then they want heritage and culture. Even sports runs behind that."

Victoria Dickenson, executive director of Montreal's McCord Museum, has the same diagnosis about where the money is needed. "What is most important is the need for operating support. Given the situation for all the museums, including the big national ones, it does not make sense to be spending more on creating another new one.

"In the United States, a lot of museums have simply closed," she says. "And I think we will see that here. How many museums can a country support? If this is the level of spending we are willing to commit to, we cannot support them all. I can see a lot of collaboration and consolidation, to take care of the collections of museums that cannot remain open."

It is important not to be too dire about the situation of our museums. It is the very richness of the museum network we have developed across Canada that has put such a strain upon the budgets needed to go on operating them.

Building up the national museums in Ottawa was excellent policy, and worth continuing. Say "Ottawa" and we think of politicians and taxation and the democratic deficit. But in recent decades Ottawa has become a capital to be proud of and an extraordinary place to visit. If you take in Parliament Hill, the National Gallery, the Museum

of Civilization, and maybe the Canadian Aviation Museum, you've just started to explore. If you aren't feeling proud to be Canadian by then, there may be something wrong with your pulse.

Great museums are hardly unique to Ottawa. Try an Alberta circuit from Head-Smashed-In to Tyrrell to the Glenbow to Fort Edmonton. Or roam Montreal, from the McCord and Pointe-à-Callière to the Stewart and the Beaux-Arts. In either place, you see eye-popping collections and enjoy an intense immersion in local histories and cultures. And it's not only the big museums that matter. Last summer an afternoon in the quiet municipal museum in High River, Alberta, put our family in touch as nothing else could have with a long-ago relative who pioneered there.

The now-axed Canada History Centre, promoted and promised funding as one of Prime Minister Chrétien's "legacy" projects, began with the idea of a museum for "Canada's distinct model of democracy and governance." It was a bold idea, given Canadian historians' long avoidance of political history, but you have to wonder what a civil service museum's take on political controversy would be. And the bland name given to it was not reassuring.

Michael Robinson of Calgary's Glenbow Museum is proud to have campaigned to "snuff the political history museum in its cradle." His alternative, however, is not simply handouts for the others. "Culture properly resides within the civic envelope," he says. "If our cities had adequate revenues, they would support cultural amenities, because the cultural sector is what distinguishes one city from the rest and makes it attractive."

Robinson's vision is of vibrant cities with good cause to ensure their museums flourish and grow. Maybe then, someone would launch a political history museum far from Ottawa. In Calgary, maybe. Or St. John's.

Those would be perspectives on the country I'd travel a ways to see.

At press time, both the Canadian Canoe Museum and the Dunlop Gallery had plans to reopen this summer.

She was Canada's first female MP. But it was AGNES MACPHAIL's plain speaking and unwavering sense of justice that Will Ferguson most admires.

"Whenever I don't know whether to fight or not – I always fight."

—Agnes Macphail, M.P.

Maybe it has something to do with the way I grew up: in poverty, in a small struggling town, amid a sprawling single-parent family. I was raised by strong women – my mother, riding herd on half a dozen kids (and more when you count foster siblings and other assorted strays who found refuge in our messy home) and my grandmother, an eccentric, endearingly contradictory retired schoolteacher who smoked cigarettes and spiced her tea with brandy.

I never believed women were delicate buds. Nor did I see them as moral agents descended from heaven. Which is why I have always felt slightly uncomfortable with such early feminist leaders as Nellie McClung and Emily Murphy (who, family legend, unverified by fact, suggests I am related to – her maiden name being Ferguson; a tenuous claim indeed). Murphy may have led the crusade to have women declared "persons" in the eyes of the court, and McClung may have spearheaded the fight to grant women the vote, but what fuelled their passions – and those of many other suffragists of that era – was a belief that women had a "moral mission," a greater purpose in life, a higher Christian calling.

Two schools of feminism took shape in those early years. Maternal or "separate sphere" feminism saw women as society's moral guardians who had a special civilizing mission, distinct from that of men. Equal-rights feminism, however, sought social and legal equality for women as a worthy goal *in and of itself*. And though it is often downplayed today, dark nativist attitudes lay just below the surface of much of the maternal feminism movement. The same women who wanted the vote for white Anglo-Saxon women all too often wanted these same rights denied to Asian males.

Which is why Agnes Macphail is such a refreshing character. Macphail was the first woman ever elected to the Canadian House of Commons – in 1921, as a member of the U.F.O. (United Farmers of Ontario). And although sticklers can pull out quotes by Macphail that suggest otherwise, overall it is clear that Macphail was very much an equal-rights feminist.

KELSEY STUDIO / NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-006508

Agnes Macphail, 1921

"I'm no lady," Macphail shot back. "I'm an M.P."

What did women want? asked Macphail. "I think women just want to be individuals, as men are individuals – no more and no less."

During a 1924 debate on divorce, a male MP declared: "There has always existed and there always will exist in women, an inborn weakness, a marked inferiority ... Woman is looked upon – and with reason – as the angel of the

home, as a gentler being than men."

To which, Agnes Macphail pointedly replied, "When I hear men talk about women being the angel of the home I always, mentally at least, shrug my shoulders in doubt. I do not want to be the angel of any home; I want for myself what I want for other women – absolute equality. After that is secured then men and women can take turns at being angels."

Agnes Macphail fought for prison reform, better health care, and workers' rights. She lobbied for old-age pension, disability allowance, agrarian reforms, hospital insurance, and student bursaries. Once, when she arrived at the Kingston Penitentiary to investigate conditions, officials tried to turn her away, telling her that prison was no place for a lady

"I'm no lady," Macphail shot back. "I'm an M.P."

Throughout her career, federally and later in the Ontario provincial legislature, Agnes Macphail fought the good fight. Her humour and determination, her quick quit and social conscience: they echo across the generations and resonate now, more than ever. Agnes Macphail was – and still is – one hell of a good role model.

Will Ferguson is the author of *Canadian History for Dummies*, which won the Canadian Authors Association History Award, and *Bastards & Boneheads: Canada's Glorious Leaders Past and Present*, which contains a chapter on Agnes Macphail. His latest book, *Beauty Tips from Moose Jaw: Travels in Search of Canada*, will be published this fall by Knopf.

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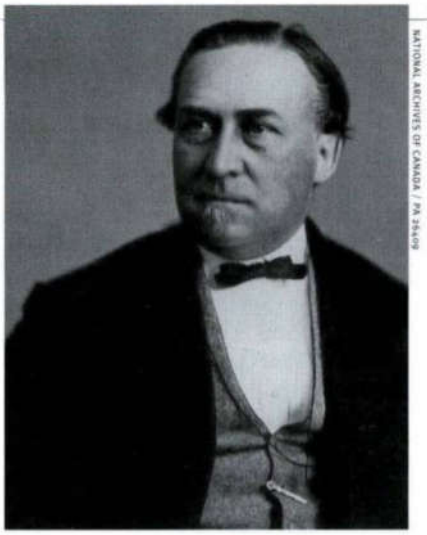
A PUBLIC MAN'S PRIVATE DIARY

Who would not welcome the opportunity to read someone else's diary? I have recently enjoyed deciphering and translating such a document: the notes my great-grandfather, Sir Hector Louis Langevin (1826-1906), wrote, mostly in French, during his tour of the Canadian and American West in 1871. He was born in Quebec City, was one of the Fathers of Confederation, and at the time of his trip, minister of Public Works. The Canadian part of the trip was official, to report on the natural resources, industries, and settlers, and especially on the best end point for the future Canadian Pacific Railway.

When my mother (Langevin's granddaughter) died in 1994, my brother found among her possessions a clipping of an article about the impending sale of the "recently discovered" travel diary of Hector Louis Langevin. A few years later, he obtained the follow-up article describing the sale, with a photo of the Vancouver buyer. This is when I first heard of the diary, and from there, I traced the whereabouts of the diary to the University of British Columbia.

In the years after my great-grandfather's journey, the diary belonged to a still unidentified family member, and no one knew of its existence until it surfaced, one century later, to be auctioned off in Montreal on September 21, 1971. It narrowly escaped being sold to the Mormons in Utah, and was bought by a Vancouver businessman, Mr. James Alexander, for $13,000. In the 1990s, after failing to rouse the interest of various archives, he sold it to a Vancouver rare-book dealer, who, in turn, sold it to Dr. Wallace B. Chung, a retired surgeon. In 1999 Dr. Chung donated it and his huge collection of Chinese immigrant memorabilia to the UBC Library, now displayed in a special room.

The UBC Library eventually digitized the diary for the Web, and also made a much more legible photocopy. I spent a few days deciphering the tricky handwriting, then did an English translation that I donated to UBC for the benefit of researchers and the public. This experience revealed to me the complex and interesting personality of my great-grandfather, who family lore had put on a pedestal. He was a man of his times, surely, but he was open to novelty and curious to learn about other people and customs.



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA 28409

In his personal diary, Sir Hector Louis Langevin (photographed in Ottawa, July 1873) chronicles his colourful adventures along the West Coast.

The U.S. part of his trip, being private, was more relaxed. At a train stop in the mountains, he picks rocks for his collection. A man buys a "buffalo tongue to add to our food supplies. Mr. Acheson, seeing him approached by the ladies who want to see this tongue says that John is making a hit with the ladies with his tongue." Of an opera singer in San Francisco: "Her voice is powerful but not very flexible and not pleasant. She is pretty but not graceful."

In Utah, he was received by Brigham Young "who has a kind and paternal expression" and talked about the Canadian Pacific Railway. He saw the Tabernacle and attended the theatre where "there were 24 of Brigham Young's children, and many Mormons with their wives." He visited Camp Douglas, a few miles behind Salt Lake City, where "there are 4 brass cannons which would surely produce a salutary effect on the Mormons should the case arise, and also on the miners."

Nothing escapes his notice. "Furs are displayed everywhere and many ladies wear them at the moment" (in

early August in San Francisco!) He tours wineries, visits the Mint, meets bankers, officials, journalists, and clergy of many denominations. He describes the flora, the fauna, the landscape, the sunsets, the natives, and tries new foods: "Ate frogs' legs. They are like young chicken." The open mind, however, goes only so far. "Went to the French Opera to hear La Belle Hélène. After such a performance, I am not surprised by what is said of the corruption of French society and of the necessity of an exemplary punishment." What would he think now? He is also preoccupied with religion. "Mrs. Trevor is Catholic ... her brother is also Catholic. Mrs. Armstrong is Episcopalian."

While in San Francisco, he spends one evening in Chinatown accompanied by friends and a police officer. He visits teahouses, stores, temples. In a gaming house, he describes in detail a betting game involving coins hidden under saucers. In an alley he comes upon some prostitutes "who, decently dressed, did not attack us because of the presence of the police officer." The next morning he attends Mass at the Cathedral, where "the Archbishop is not what you would call eloquent, but still managed to give an excellent sermon. ... The officiating priest sang off-key."

Throughout his trip, Sir Hector is approached by expatriate Canadians seeking favours or simply contact with an eminent compatriot. Their French names are often anglicized, such as Gerow for Gireau, Kegg for Baril, Nelson Grave for Narcisse Lafosse.

On the Canadian leg of the trip, he buckles down to more serious and detailed descriptions and long lists of people he meets, ceremonies he attends, schools, churches, and Indian villages he visits. He acquires books on the Indian languages. He is presented with various gifts, some of which are now in Quebec museums. "The Canadians in San Francisco present me with a magnificent walking stick with a chased gold knob, set with 8 California quartz pieces in a circle and a beautiful auriferous quartz on top. ... Mr. M. Wood, from Alaska, gives me a walking stick, he is so happy to see Canada pay attention to British Columbia, the prosperity of which will lead to that of Alaska."

He writes at length about the new gold mines in the interior, their output, operation, and equipment. "If successful, other mines will be worked and American capital will follow." There is a long list of miners' nicknames, such as Dirty Feet Pete, Flap Jack Johnny, Long Cock Dave, Bill in Hell, not to forget Gassy Jack. There is also a "Mrs. Florence Wilson, connected as a servant with the family of the Emperor of Russia, now living with blacksmith Tompkins and keeps a saloon."

His language reflects the times, a strong English influence in the French (such as *la malle* for *le courrier*), but also what seems to us a lack of "political correctness." The natives are called savages as a matter of course. "One must not give money nor guns nor blankets to the Savages of British Columbia, but try to keep them away from cities and lead them to farming and factories. ... The Chinese are industrious and thrifty. ... They rob us, but generally small amounts and constantly. They are only here to make money."

He travels at times in dangerous country, still the Wild West: "Saw the tomb of a collection agent murdered by 2 Englishmen, one of whom escaped and the other [who] was hanged. ... At Halleck, a deserter is brought on board, tied hand and foot, and escorted by three soldiers with loaded guns. He is accused of rape. ... Four horses on the carriage. Speed, danger. ... We go by frightening chasms. The bridges creak."

But all is well that ends well: "Arrived at the Commons in Ottawa on October 5, 1871 without any accident." The trip had started August 1. I am happy to have accompanied him.

The author, Louise Dawson, was born in Quebec City and currently lives in Vancouver.

Have you had a personal experience with the great characters or momentous events of Canadian history? If you would like to submit a story for possible publication, send it to <editors@historysociety.ca> with YourStory in the subject line, or write to Your Story, c/o The *Beaver*, 478-167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. For further information please see our editorial guidelines at <www.thebeaver.ca>.

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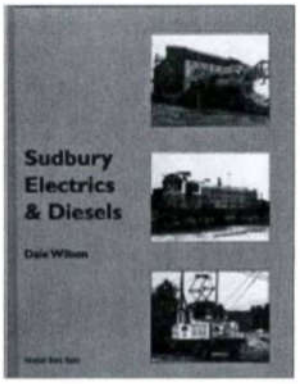

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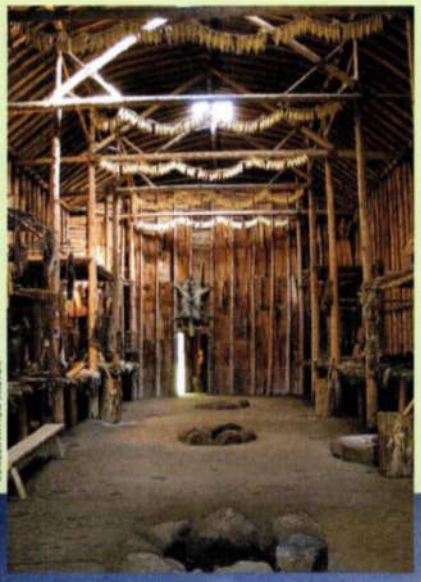
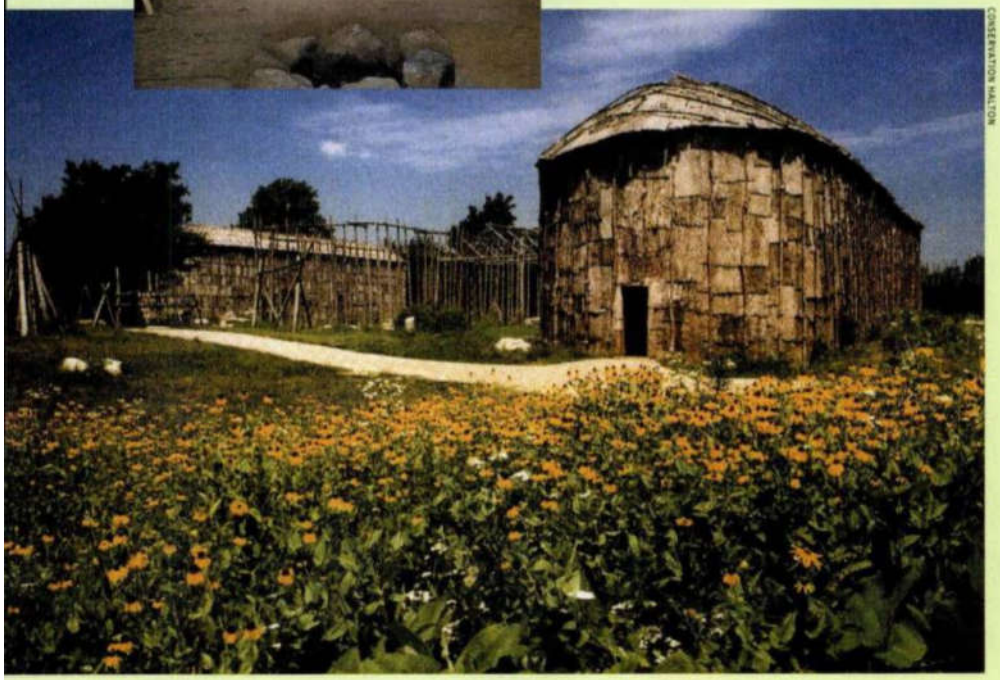
CASTLE AND VILLAGE

Hope Kamin takes in four hundred years of Hamilton's heritage.

Toronto may claim to be the centre of the universe, but you needn't make it the centre of *your* universe while visiting southern Ontario. Seventy kilometres west, at the western end of Lake Ontario, the Hamilton area offers a variety of heritage sites that hint of a longer and richer history than that suggested by this city of half a million's popular Steeltown image.



CONSERVATION HALTON



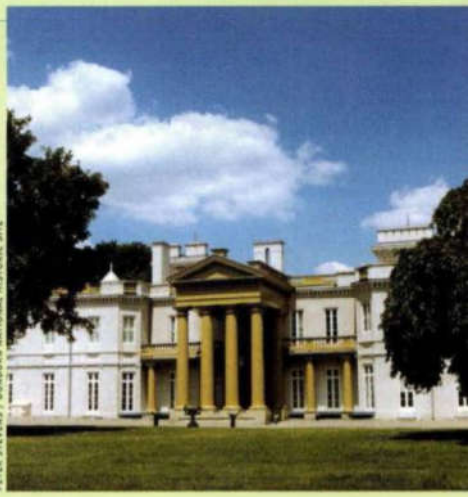
CONSERVATION HALTON

Iroquoian longhouse (below) and longhouse interior (left) at Crawford Lake, part of a reconstructed fifteenth-century Iroquoian village.

Dundurn Castle, for instance, in central Hamilton, is a prime example of a Victorian home, this one once owned by prominent industrialist Sir Allan Napier MacNab. The interior decorating and the furnishings are not original to the building, but have been carefully researched and acquired so that they resemble what had actually been in the forty-room home. Unfortunately, MacNab's possessions were sold after his death in 1862 to pay his debts. The city of Hamilton took over the property in 1900, public interest in the home picked up in the 1950s, and, according to a handout at the site, "the plan to restore Dundurn narrowly beat out sidewalk repair as the city's official Centennial project."

Part of the attraction of Dundurn Castle – about 60,000 visitors go through every year – is the attention to detail. The house "staff" wear period costumes and the "cook" really bakes in the kitchen. In December, the house is decked out in full Victorian yuletide splendour. The dining room alone is breathtaking, with its full set of period china.

Near Milton, a half-hour drive north and east of Hamilton, the Crawford Lake Conservation Area features, along with a spectacular setting on the Niagara Escarpment, a reconstructed fifteenth-century Iroquoian village, including longhouses, a surrounding palisade wall, agricultural exhibit areas, and a tranquil native-species garden. The archaeological exploration of the site – thought to have been a small settlement of about 250 people – was completed between 1973 and 1987, following which reconstruction began. There is a lot for kids to see and do, including many seasonal demonstrations. The conservation area features a rare meromictic (permanently stratified) lake, which has limited circulation so that sediment deposits are preserved and can be studied and dated. There is an elevated boardwalk around the lake and sixteen kilometres of wooded trails. The site offers snowshoe rentals in winter and is a popular cross-country ski spot.



PETER STEVENS / DUNDURN NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE

Dundurn Castle, Hamilton, the restored home of Sir Allan Napier MacNab, premier of the Canadas from 1854 to 1856.

Elsewhere, next to Hamilton's international airport, is the Canadian Warplane Heritage Museum – "Canada's Flying Museum." Billing itself as having Canada's premiere collection of vintage flying aircraft, this is the right place to come if, say, you fancy a half-hour flight in a World War II Harvard training plane (there are three available) or in a Steerman, a pre-World War II, open-cockpit biplane. The rides can be had for $250. The museum's impressive collection boasts one of only two Lancaster bombers in the world that still flies (the other one is owned by the Royal Air Force in England.) You can stand under the bomb bays of this huge plane in the museum's hangar, and you can see the Lancaster from time to time coming and going from air shows. Planes at the museum are lovingly restored into flying shape by volunteers, and there are a number of projects that can be viewed.

Hope Kamin writes from Dundas, Ontario.

Interior (above), Canadian Warplane Heritage Museum, where flights in a World War II Harvard training plane (inset) are available.

IF YOU GO ...

Dundurn Castle is located in central Hamilton. From Toronto, take Queen Elizabeth Way (QEW) 65 kilometres west to Highway 403 Hamilton. Exit at York Blvd.

Crawford Lake Conservation Area and Iroquoian Village is located near the town of Milton, 32 kilometres north of Hamilton. From Hamilton, take Highway 403 east. Exit at Guelph Line and drive north to Steeles Avenue. From Toronto, take QEW west. Exit at Guelph Line and drive north to Steeles Avenue.

Canadian Warplane Heritage Museum is located at Hamilton International Airport in Mount Hope. From downtown Hamilton or from the QEW from Toronto, take Highway 403 West, exit at Fiddlers Green Road, and follow the green airport signs.

For information on places to see, accommodations, and special events contact:

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ANNIVERSARY

Celebrating ten years of Hudson's Bay Company's gifts to Manitoba and to Canada

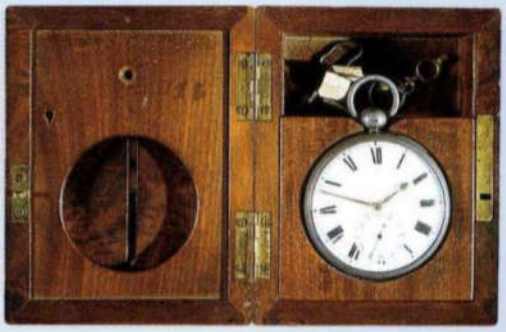
It was an untypical corporate event for Hudson's Bay Company.

Rather than another starched annual meeting or the festive opening of a new retail store, the Bay brass had come to Winnipeg from Toronto, on March 15, 1994, to announce a magnificent and unprecedented gift to the Province of Manitoba. It was a gift that would raise the bar on Canadian corporate philanthropy, simultaneously solidify Winnipeg as the centre for the study of the North American fur trade, and complement other Manitoba-based gifts the company had made previously to the country or the province.

York Factory, at the mouth of the Hayes River in northern Manitoba, and Lower Fort Garry, the last standing stone-walled fur trading fort in North America, were once HBC properties that are now under the protective custody of Parks Canada. Then there was the *Nonsuch*. The replica of the seventeenth-century ketch (whose voyage in 1668 led to the founding of HBC in 1670) was commissioned by the company to celebrate its 1970 tercentennial. At the end of her sailing career, the company gave the vessel to the Manitoba Museum where she is permanently moored, at low tide, flanked by a period dockside setting.

It was on the rear deck of the fifty-three-foot ketch that HBC, provincial, and civic dignitaries now stood. HBC governor Donald S. McGiverin announced that the company was giving its archives and museum collection to the Province of Manitoba, the combined value of which would be assessed at $68,000,000. "These gifts follow our practice of transferring company assets that are part of Canada's heritage to public ownership," stated McGiverin.

The archives, the documentary memory of the company – indeed of much of the nation – consisted of fascinating and meticulously kept corporate records dating from 1671. In addition to routine ledgers, minutes, financial information, maps, photographs, and works of art, the collection contained such unique items as the journals of Anthony Henday and Samuel Hearne, and Henry Kelsey's letters. There is also the only historical documentation of communities such as Rupert House, Quebec, and Albany House and Moose Factory, Ontario, and considerable material of value to present-day aboriginal land claims. All this and more – some 4,293 linear feet of documents – would come under the official safekeeping of the Archives of Manitoba, where the records had been on loan since being shipped to Winnipeg, Manitoba, from London, England, in 1974.



The museum collection, which began in 1920 and largely consists of items associated with fur trade and aboriginal culture, would become property of the Manitoba Museum, the province's largest heritage centre and unique in North America in its combined human and natural heritage themes. Including hundreds of Arctic trade tokens, there were 14,000 items in the core collection. Employees and employees' families had enhanced the collection with gifts of their own. Most of the collection had been in storage, at Lower Fort Garry, where only a fraction of it was on display. Among its treasures are articles associated with the Red River settlement, a forty-three-foot York boat, relics from the ill-fated Franklin exhibition, exquisite objects produced by aboriginal peoples, and Sir George Simpson's ungainly snuff box fashioned from a ram's head.

The company, however, took the

TRACEY GONCALVES / HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY ARCHIVES

Directors of the Hudson's Bay Company History Foundation at a reception in the Manitoba Archives to honour the Foundation's tenth anniversary. Left to right: Peter Bower, Brian Grose, A. Rolph Huband, Harold Chmara, Jim Ingram, and Rob Moore.

ARTIFACTS COURTESY THE MANITOBA MUSEUM

Clockwise from upper left: Sir George Simpson's ram's head snuffbox; Northern Cree hood; chronometer associated with Sir John Franklin.

gifts one step further. To ensure the "future care, management, and interpretation of the gifts," the company would use the tax savings from the gift – eventually worth $29,000,000 – to establish the Hudson's Bay Company History Foundation. In addition to operating funds, the Foundation would provide the museum with $2.7 million toward the construction of a separate wing to house the collection. The Archives of Manitoba would receive support for capital upgrading to house and preserve the archival material. Last of all, the Foundation would also support a popular history society. Canada's National History Society came into being on August 1, 1994. It acquired the *Beaver* from the Bay and continues to publish the magazine, one of the oldest in Canada.

What a difference a decade makes.

"The upgrades in the archives have been significant and would have never been realized without the Foundation," states Maureen Dolyniuk, chief, HBC Archives. She cites a comprehensive website, additional staff to carry out programs, and improvements to the storage facilities to house and protect the records. This has included the construction of a three-floor vault space with cutting-edge environmental-control equipment, and a visual storage area to showcase the richness and variety of the collection, an area that has proven very popular for tours and educational programming. The latest achievement has been the construction of the Keystone Database, a searchable database with descriptions of the archival holdings, a boon to researchers.

At the museum, in addition to a new, state-of-the-art wing to display, store, and restore the artifacts, "the collection has changed the depth and scope of the museum in that it has become a recognized centre on fur trade information," states Katherine Pettipas, the collection's curator. The collection has also attracted additional gifts. "We had over four hundred of them in the last decade." The collection serves as the cornerstone for the development of a research centre for fur trade material culture. And the collection is so vast, the exhibits can be rotated to ensure something fresh and new for the public to see on subsequent visits.

Like its sister beneficiaries, the History Society has not marked time: it has become more than publisher of the *Beaver*, even though the magazine remains key to its operations. The *Beaver* has grown from around 37,000 subscribers to 49,000 since 1997. The Society boasts a comprehensive website, which was completely revamped in 2003. Later in 2004, the Society is scheduled to launch *Kayak*, a children's version of the parent magazine. In addition to capitalizing on its publishing strengths, two national recognition programs were introduced – one, the Pierre Berton Award, honours those who have brought history to a wider audience; the other, the Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History, recognizes the country's best history teachers for their stellar work on the classrooms of the nation. Over the

CANADA'S HISTORY SOCIETY

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Canada's National History Society knows that you are concerned about keeping your personal information private. Our response has been to protect it as if it were our own. We voluntarily adhered to the Personal Information Protection and Electronic Documents Act (Canada) prior to its introduction January 1, 2004.

What personal information do we collect?

We collect your name, address, city, province, postal code, phone number and email address.

Orders paid by credit card necessitate the collection of your card number and expiry date to process payment.

Why do we collect it?

The Society collects your personal information to fill your order(s) of our publication(s), such as the *Beaver*, and your membership(s) in the History Society, or to honour the gifts you give to others and, with your help, keep that information accurate.

We also collect your personal information so that we may send you and your gift recipients, from time to time, information associated with the Society, such as:

Publications: i.e., subscription billings, renewal notices, other subscription offers/information, and readership surveys about our publication(s).

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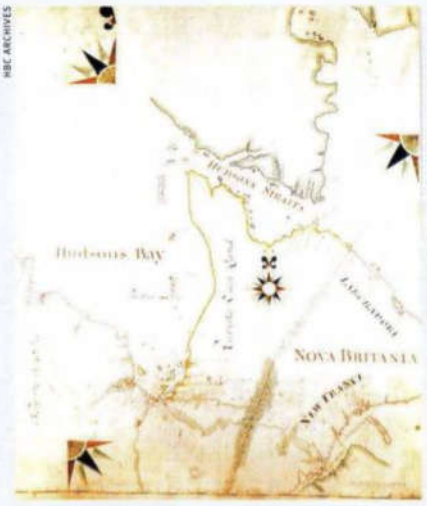

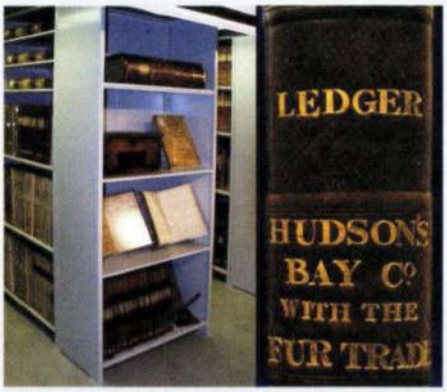

Vault and sample contents at the Hudson's Bay Company Archives in Winnipeg.

last decade, the History Society has undertaken numerous other programs including one with provincial historical societies and with the *Beaver*'s French-language counterpart, *Cap-aux-Diamants*. The Society is marking its tenth anniversary modestly by continuing to emphasize its work on behalf of Canadian history rather than celebrate with a cake and candles.

Independent of Foundation direction, a stronger relationship has naturally developed between the three beneficiaries of its generosity. On April 5, 2004, a day of celebrations to mark the tenth anniversary of the company's gifts to the province, the History Society, the archives, and the museum announced plans to develop a new online social studies–history resource unit on the fur trade. The three partners will bring together examples of their primary resources – articles, archives, and artifacts – to create an online source on fur-trade life.

The Foundation's support and encouragement have permeated all that the museum, the archives, and the History Society have accomplished individually in the last decade. But its support has also created another jewel for Winnipeg by making the city, with its unparalleled collections of fur-trade artifacts and documents, a centre of excellence for the study of North American fur-trade history.

Museum Discounts Membership in Canada's National History Society provides reduced admission to the following leading Canadian museums:

- Royal British Columbia Museum, Victoria
- Vancouver Museum
- Vancouver Maritime Museum
- Whyte Museum of the Canadian Rockies, Banff
- Glenbow Museum, Calgary
- Provincial Museum of Alberta, Edmonton
- Saskatchewan Western Development Museum, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, North Battleford, Yorkton
- Dalnavert Museum, Winnipeg
- The Manitoba Museum, Winnipeg
- Western Canada Aviation Museum, Winnipeg
- Niagara Historical Society & Museum, Niagara-on-the-Lake, ON
- Bata Shoe Museum, Toronto
- Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto
- McCord Museum of Canadian History, Montreal
- Pointe à Callière, Musée d'archéologie et d'histoire de Montréal
- Canadian Museum of Civilization, Hull, QC
- New Brunswick Museum, Saint John
- Yarmouth County Museum, Yarmouth, NS

A discount of at least 10 percent on regular admission will be given upon presentation of your membership card. Some restrictions may apply. All subscribers to the *Beaver* are automatically members of the Society.

Calling All *Beaver* Contributors
(Past and Present)

If you, or someone you know, have worked as a freelance writer for the *Beaver* please visit our website:

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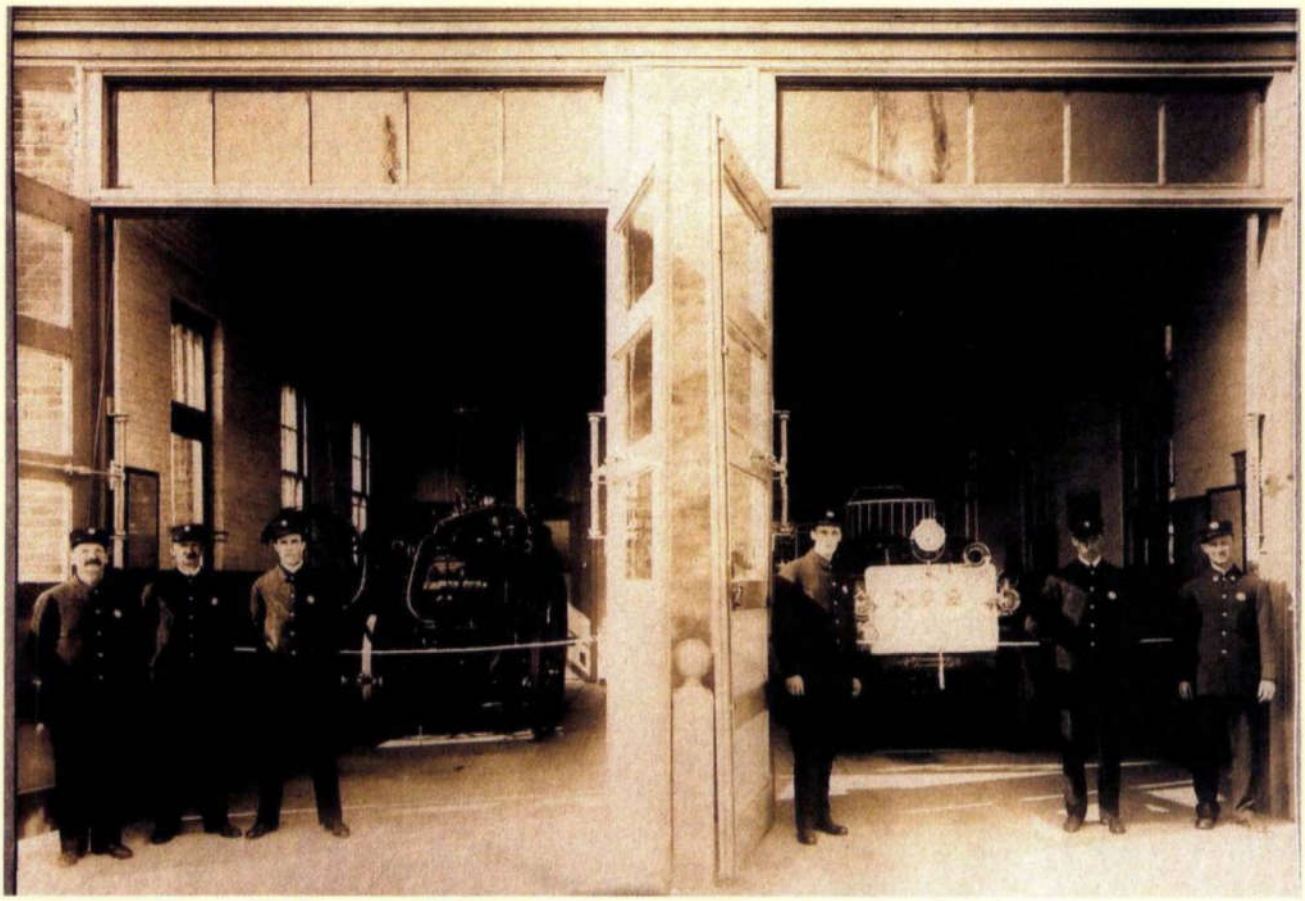
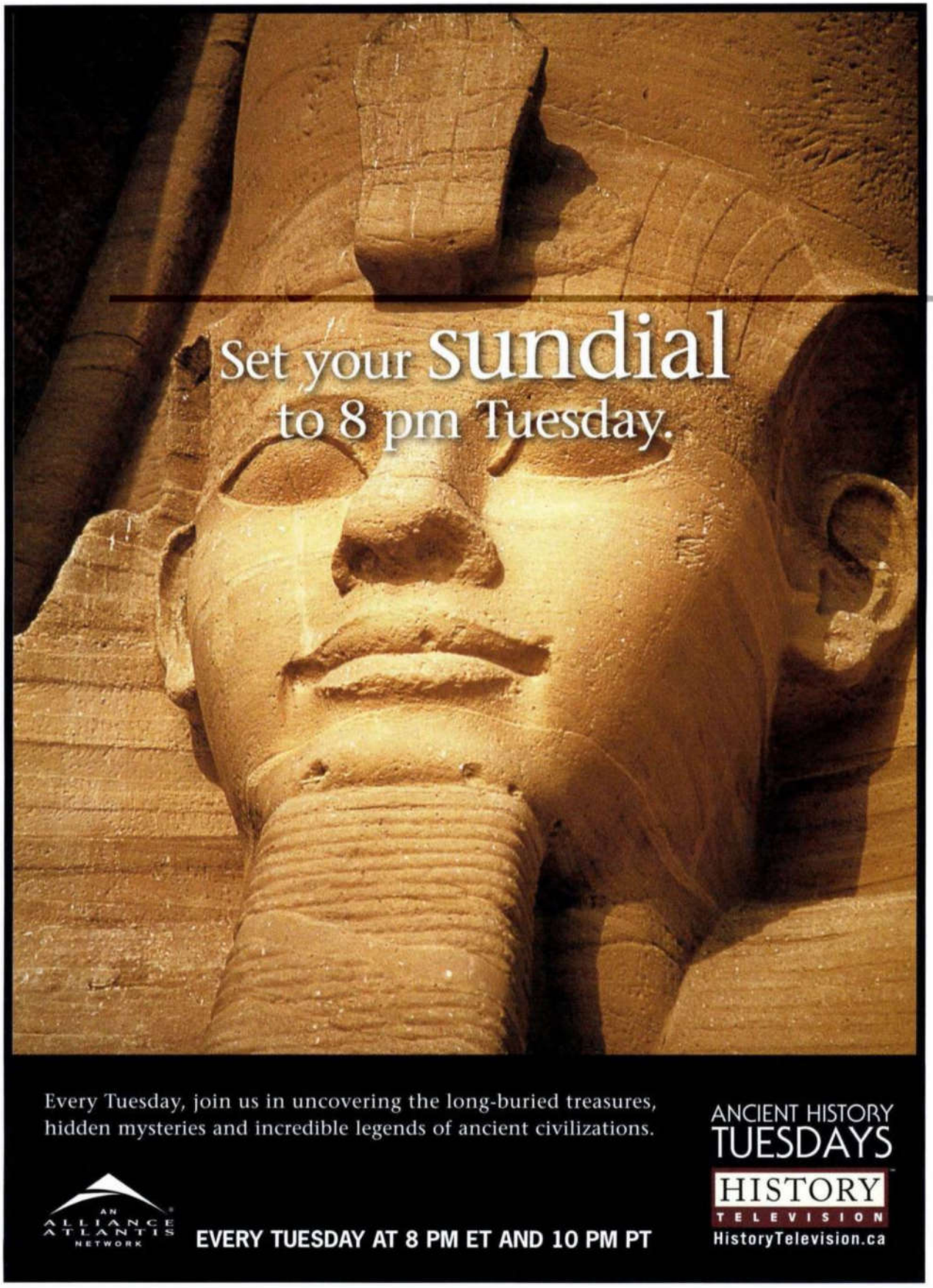
Greg Windwick, who submitted this photograph to the *Beaver*, is the great-grandson of Freeman Henry, who died in 1953 at age eighty-eight. He lives in Victoria.



Horse Power On your left, ladies and gentlemen, the quintessence of the antique: two harnesses hang, ready to drop onto the horses the minute the fire alarm sounds. And now, cast your eyes right: a shiny new motor-driven fire vehicle, a Seagrave AC53 (air-cooled, 53 horsepower) hose wagon, the very future of firefighting. Cables stretch waist high across both doorways to keep the horses from wandering down the street should they get out of their stalls at the back of the hall. It's 1912 at the #2 hall at the top of Yates Street hill in Victoria, B.C. By 1918, no restraining cables will be needed, because horses will have vanished from the profession. Not without regret for Freeman Lafayette Henry (second from left) and his cousin Frank Henry (far right). The ability to manage horses had gained them their jobs. Both were sons of Stoney Creek, Ontario, farmers, who travelled west to join the gold rush of 1898 and soon figured a solid job in the city beat ruin in the gold fields. Freeman kept a garden in the fire yard and the manure produced spectacular flowers and vegetables. Frank earned the nickname "Doc" because of his veterinary abilities with the horses. But horses had to be fed, exercised, and groomed; horseshoes had to be replaced; manure had to be shovelled out. Not so the Seagrave AC53. It's a clean machine. ◘

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in our country's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied at your local photo shop (please don't send priceless originals) and send it to: Album, c/o *The Beaver*, #478–167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your copy returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.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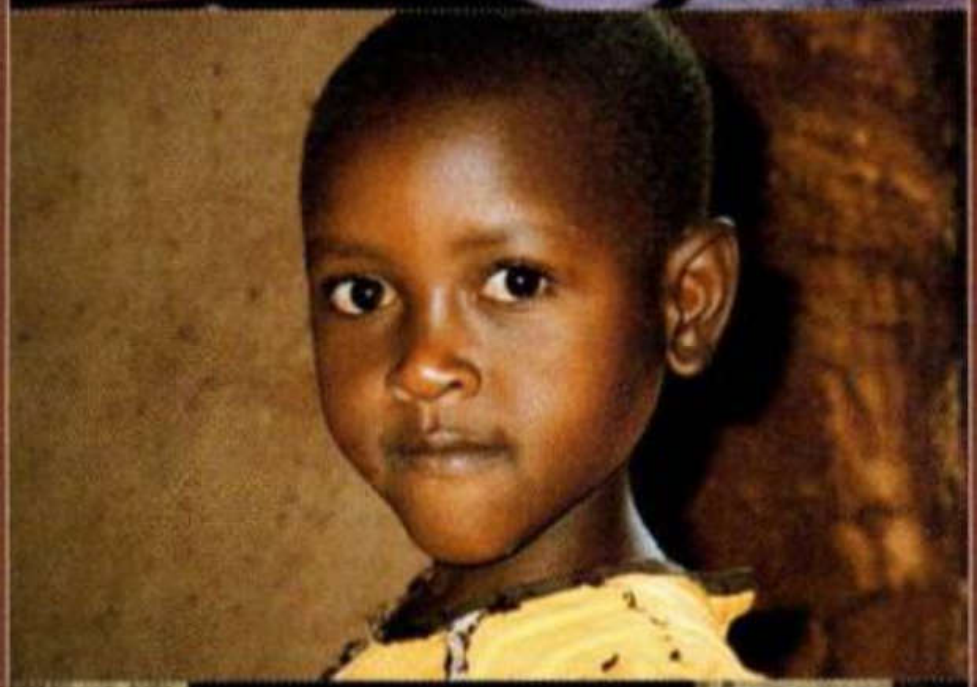

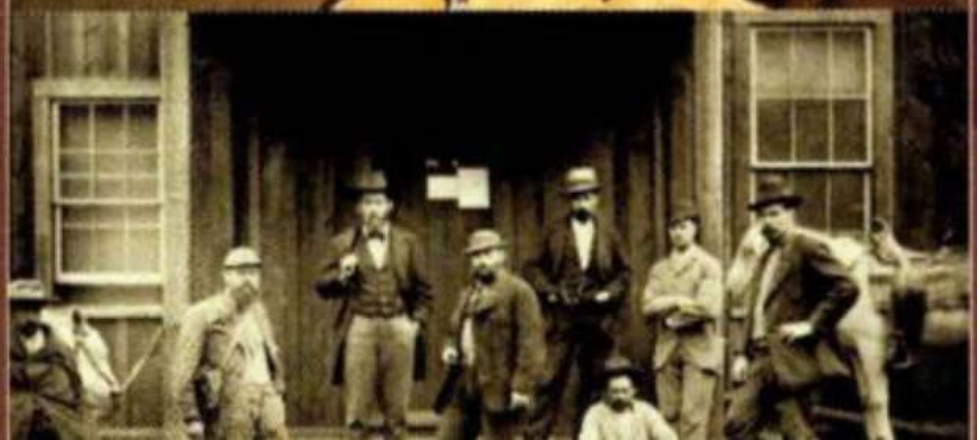

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Highlights

D-Day 60th Anniversary | May 31 to June 6 beginning at 8 p.m. ET

In the spring of 1944, the Allies rolled the dice and chanced the fate of the Second World War on a single day. In one steamroller offensive nearly 200,000 troops would land on the coast of France in a last-ditch effort to reverse the Nazi Occupation of Europe. To commemorate the 60th anniversary of D-Day, History Television presents a special week of documentaries and films about the decisive battles that defeated Hitler's army in Western Europe and helped bring an end to the Second World War.

War Babies | Wednesday, June 2[illegible] ET

This gripping documentary examines the aftermath of wartime rape on birth mothers and their children. By visiting war-torn countries – Bosnia, Rwanda, Bangladesh, Somalia and Haiti, **War Babies** uncovers how birth mothers have handled the atrocities and difficulties of raising a child born out of rape.

Trains Week | June 28 to July 1 beginning at 8 p.m. ET

If there ever was a place that resisted being tamed, it was Canada. This became painfully apparent during the building of Canada's national transportation dream – a rail link from coast to coast – that was conceived of by politicians and businessmen and realized by thousands of labourers who arrived from around the world. History Television takes viewers full steam ahead to examine the birth of the Great Canadian Railway and the launch of a new era in train travel.

From The Earth To The Moon | July 19 to 26 at 8 p.m. ET

America's Apollo space program was an impossible dream that turned into mankind's greatest adventure. History Television commemorates the 35th anniversary of the first lunar landing with a 12-part miniseries event that follows the never-before-told stories of

the Apollo missions, from the early U.S. space efforts in 1961, to the final Apollo lunar mission in 1972. This miniseries, produced by space enthusiast and actor Tom Hanks, explores the ups and downs of space travel and chronicles the journey to put man on the moon

Publications Mail Agreement #40063001 Registration #09708